

CHILDREN'S
CLASSICS

STORIES from GRIMM



BLOOMSBURY BOOKS

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Bloomsbury Books
London

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The Golden Bird

A certain king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always counted, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch, but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch, and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch, but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him. At last, however, he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold, and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; it only dropped a golden feather from its tail, and then flew away. The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Everyone agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom, but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me. I must have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily, and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw

a fox sitting, so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, "Do not shoot, for I will give you good counsel. I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening, and when you get there, you will see two inns opposite to each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at. Go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean." But the son thought to himself, "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot his arrow at the fox, but he missed it, and it set up its tail above its back and ran into the wood. Then he went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were, and in one of these were people singing, and dancing, and feasting, but the other looked very dirty and poor. "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went to that shabby house, and left this charming place." So he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease, and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on, and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox, who gave him the same good advice; but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merrymaking was, and called to him to come in, and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son too wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird, but his father would not listen to it for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill luck might happen to him also, and prevent his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox, and did

not attempt his life as his brothers had done, so the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stick and stone so quick that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward, till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers, fast asleep and snoring. Take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage. Close by it stands a beautiful golden cage, but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it."

Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and the young man sat himself down, and away they went over stick and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said, so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood the golden cage, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then thought he to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage," so he opened the door and took hold of it and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud scream that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat to judge him, and when all was heard, it sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind, and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing and in great despair, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him,

and said, "You see now what has happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall. By his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring. Take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leather saddle upon him, and not the golden one that is close by it." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stick and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leather saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he, "I am sure he deserves it." As he took up the golden saddle the groom awoke and cried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court to be judged, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed that if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live, and have the bird and horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowfully, but the old fox came and said, "Why did you not listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse. Yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess goes to the bathing-house. Go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away. But take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stick and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath, and gave her the kiss, and she agreed to run away

with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented, but the moment she came to her father's house, the guards awoke and he was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You shall never have my daughter unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window." Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away, and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep. I will work for you." And in the morning he awoke and the hill was gone, so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now that it was removed he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess, and the fox came and said to him, "We will have all three, the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man. "That would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is'. Then he will be very joyful, and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them, but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right, then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king, and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird, but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird, and when you get it into your hand, ride away."

This, too, happened as the fox said. They carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet." But the young man refused to do it, so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel. Beware of two things: ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter to keep that advice."

He rode on with the princess, till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar, and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two men are going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers, so he said, "Cannot they in any way be saved?" But the people said "No", unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up, and went on with him towards their home.

And as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of the river, and rest awhile, to eat and drink." "Very well," said he, and forgot the fox's counsel, and sat down on the side of the river, and while he suspected nothing, they came behind, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All this have we won by our exertions." Then there was great rejoicing made, but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed. Luckily it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out.

Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice; otherwise no evil would have befallen him. "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast." Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you, if they find you in the kingdom." So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court, and was scarcely within the door, when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. He went straight to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery; and they were seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after, he went to walk one day in the woods and the old fox met him, and beseeched him with tears in his eyes to kill him, and cut off his head and feet. And at last he did so, and in a moment the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be the brother of the princess, who had been lost a great many, many years.

The Satchel, the Hat and the Horn

Once upon a time there were once three brothers who grew poorer and poorer until they had to go hungry with neither bite nor sup. When it had come to this, they said, "This can't go on. We had better go out into the world and try our luck."

So they set off, and went for a long way over hill and dale, but no luck did they find. Then one day they came to a wood in the middle of which there was a hill, and when they drew near to it they found that it was made of silver.

Then the eldest said, "Now I've found fortune and I want nothing more." And, taking as much of the silver as he could carry, he set off homewards, but the other two said, "We're expecting some better luck than mere silver," and without taking any they went on.

After they had walked for some days more, they reached another wood in which was a hill of gold. The second brother thought a long time before making up his mind. "What shall I do?" said he. "Shall I take enough gold to keep me, or shall I go farther?"

At last he decided, filled his pockets, said good-bye to his brother and went home.

But the third said, "Silver and gold don't interest me. Very likely there's something better in store."

So on he went, and after three days came to another wood much larger than the others. It seemed to be endless, and as he had nothing to eat or drink he was nearly famished. He climbed a tall tree, hoping to see the end of the wood, but as

far as the eye could reach there was nothing but tree-tops. As he started to climb down, feeling ill for want of food, he thought, "If only I could have something to satisfy my hunger!" And when he reached the ground, what was his astonishment to find under the tree a tablecloth on which a good hot meal was spread!

"This time," said he, "I've got what I want in the nick of time," and, without troubling who had prepared the meal, he sat down and ate till he was satisfied.

When he had finished, he thought, "It would be a pity to leave this little tablecloth in the woods," and folding it up neatly he took it away with him.

Walking on, he grew hungry again towards evening, and decided to see what his tablecloth could do for him, so, spreading it out, he said, "I wish there was a good meal on you again!" Hardly had he spoken than it was covered with dishes of delightful food.

"Now I know," said he, "the kind of kitchen in which my meals are being made. I shall find you more precious than a mountain of silver or gold," for he knew that it was a tablecloth which brought meals with it.

Yet he wasn't satisfied with just the tablecloth. He wanted to go on travelling and to try his luck still further.

One evening in a lonely wood he met a smoke-blackened charcoal-burner who was roasting potatoes on his fire for supper.

"Good evening, Blackbird," said he, "and how are you getting on all alone?"

"One day's like another," said the charcoal-burner, "with potatoes every day. Would you care to be my guest and have some?"

"Many thanks," said the traveller, "but I won't eat at your expense. You weren't expecting a guest. You can be mine if you like."

"How can that be?" asked the charcoal-burner. "You haven't anything with you, and there's nobody within two hours' walk from whom you could get anything."

"Yet you shall have a better meal than you ever had in your life," answered the other.

With that he took out the tablecloth, spread it on the ground, and said, "Little cloth, be covered!" and at once a meal appeared, with boiled and roast meat, hot as if straight from the kitchen. The charcoal-burner stared, but didn't wait to be pressed. Setting to, he put bigger and bigger pieces into his sooty mouth, and when the meal was over he said with a grin, "Look here, I like that tablecloth of yours. It would be the very thing for me, here in the woods, where I've nobody to cook for me. I suggest an exchange. Over there lies a soldier's knapsack. It's old and not much to look at, but it has great powers. I don't use it any more, and I'll give it you for your tablecloth."

"I must know first what these wonderful powers are."

"I'll tell you that. When you strike it with your hand, an officer and six well-armed men appear, ready to take orders from you."

"If that's the way of it, we'll change."

So he gave the charcoal-burner his tablecloth, picked up the knapsack, slung it round his shoulders, and said good-bye.

When he had gone a little way, he thought he would put its powers to the test, so he gave it a rap. At once seven warriors stood before him, the leader saying, "What are the orders of our lord and master?"

"Go at the double to the charcoal-burner and bring me my wishing-cloth!"

They turned about, and it wasn't long before they had taken it without a "By your leave" from the charcoal-burner and brought it back.

The traveller sent them away and went on, still trusting his luck.

At sunset he came upon another charcoal-burner who was cooking his supper.

"Have something to eat with me," said the grimy fellow. "Potatoes with salt but no fat. Just sit down."

"No," answered the other. "You shall be my guest this time," and as soon as he had put out the cloth it was spread with good things.

They ate and drank together, the best of friends.

When they had finished eating, the charcoal-burner said, "Over by that bank lies an old torn hat with strange ways of its own. If anybody puts it on and turns it round on his head, there's gunfire as if a dozen cannon were shooting all together, and nothing can stand against them. I don't need the hat, and I'll give it you for that cloth."

"That suits me," said the wanderer, and leaving his tablecloth he went off with the hat.

He had not gone very far before he rapped on his knapsack and sent off his soldiers to get the cloth again.

"One way and another," he thought, "it seems as if my good luck hadn't come to an end yet."

Nor was he mistaken, for when he had gone on for some distance there was a third charcoal-burner, who also invited him to share plain potatoes. Again they ate off the wishing-cloth, and the charcoal-burner was so pleased that he gave the traveller a little horn, with a power quite different from the hat's. If anyone blew on it, walls and battlements fell down, towns and villages crashed.

The wanderer gave his cloth in exchange for it, but yet again made his warriors bring it back to him, so that at length he had the knapsack and the hat, the little horn and the cloth as well.

"Now," said he, "I'm a made man. It's time to go home and see how my brothers are getting on."

When he reached home, he found that his brothers had used their silver and gold to build a fine house, and were living on the fat of the land.

He went to see them, but as he was wearing a ragged coat, with a shabby hat on his head, and had an old knapsack over his shoulders, they wouldn't know him, but jeered and said, "You pretend to be our brother, who scorned silver and gold and meant to have something better! He'll come back in style, not like a beggar." And they sent him packing.

That made him really angry, and he thumped his knapsack till a hundred and fifty soldiers were drawn up before him. He ordered them to get hazel-switches, and to thrash the proud pair till they recognized him.

What an uproar followed! The people wanted to help the two brothers, but the soldiers would not let them. The king himself sent a captain with his company to drive the troublesome people out of the city, but the man with the knapsack called up more and more troops and the captain and his men had to flee.

"This tiresome fellow must be dealt with!" said the king, and next day sent a still bigger force against him, but they came off even worse than the others. The third brother had more men than before, and in order to finish the affair quickly he turned his hat several times on his head. Great cannon began to thunder, and the king's army ran away.

"I won't make peace," said he, "unless the king gives me his daughter in marriage and I rule the kingdom in his name."

When the king heard that, he said to his daughter, "There's no help for it. What can I do but what he wants? If I'm to have peace and to keep my crown on my head, you must marry him."

So they were married, but the king's daughter was annoyed to have for husband a man of no account, who wore a shabby hat and carried an old knapsack over his shoulder. She longed

to be quit of him and could think of nothing else but how to manage it.

"Can his strange power be in that knapsack?" she wondered, and after petting him into a good mood she said coaxingly, "I do wish you'd take off that horrid old knapsack! It spoils your looks so, and makes me ashamed of you."

"My dear child," he said, "the knapsack is my greatest treasure. As long as I have it I need fear nobody in the world," and he told her its secret. Then she put her arms round his neck as if she were going to kiss him, and slyly took the knapsack from his shoulder and ran off with it. And she knocked on it, and when the warriors appeared she ordered them to seize their old master and thrust him out of the palace.

They obeyed, and this false wife sent other people to help to chase him out into the country.

It would have been all up with him, but for the hat. As soon as his hands were free, he turned it round and round—and then what a cannonade! Everything began to tumble down and the princess herself had to come and beg for mercy.

She pleaded so well and made such promises to be good that he listened to her and agreed to make peace. She pretended to be friends, and acted as though she really loved him, and he let her just make a fool of him, as if he trusted her. Even if anybody got the knapsack they couldn't do anything against him while he kept the hat. When his wife knew that, she waited one night till he was asleep, then threw the hat into the street!

The horn was still his, however, and in a grand temper he blew on it as hard as he could. Then things began to tumble down, walls, forts, towns and villages, and killed the king and the king's daughter. And if he had gone on blowing a little longer everything would have been turned upside-down, but as nobody withstood him any more, he stopped blowing, and made himself king of the whole country.

The Fisherman and his Wife

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the seaside. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing, and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all of a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea, and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live. I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh!" said the man. "You need not make so many words about the matter. I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk, so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him that it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man. "What should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife. "We live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch. Do go back and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business. However, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman. "My wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again. She does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage. "Go home, then," said the fish. "She is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she. "Is this not much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlour, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman. "How happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage. The courtyard and garden are a great deal too small. I should like to have a large stone castle to live in, so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry. We ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense!" said the wife. "He will do it very willingly. Go along and try."

The fisherman went, but his heart was very heavy, and when he came to the sea it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it, and said:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully. "My wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home, then," said the fish. "She is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cowhouses. "Well!" said the man. "Now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife, "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds." So they went to bed.

The next morning, when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said Alice. "But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? The fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try. I will be king!" So the man went away, quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark-grey colour, and was covered with foam as he cried out:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the man. "My wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish. "She is king already."

Then the fisherman went home, and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets, and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! What a fine thing it is to be king! Now we shall never have anything more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she. "Never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! Why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish. I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman. "The fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go, and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask. The fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it, but he went to the shore, and said:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the Fisherman. "She wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish. "She is emperor already."

So he went home again, and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls; and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her. "What a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he. "How can you be pope? There is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she. "If he can make an emperor, he can make a pope. Go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully. In the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together, but he went to the shore and said:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman. "My wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish. "She is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope, and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed, but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ah!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and wakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear, and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook, and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled, and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them, and the fisherman said:

**"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"**

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he. "She wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

The Frog Prince

A young princess went into a wood one fine young evening, and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favourite plaything, and she amused herself with tossing it into the air and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that, when she stretched out her hand to catch it, the ball bounded away and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell into the spring. The princess looked into the spring after her ball, but it was very deep, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Then she began to lament her loss, and said, "Alas! If I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world." While she was speaking a frog put its head out of the water and said, "Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?" "Alas!" said she. "What can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring." The frog said, "I want not your pearls and jewels and fine clothes, but if you will love me and let me live with you, and eat from your little golden plate, and sleep upon your little bed, I will bring you your ball again." "What nonsense," thought the princess, "this silly frog is talking! He can never get out of the well. However, he may be able to get my ball for me, and therefore I will promise him what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I promise to do all you require." Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again with the ball in his

mouth, and threw it on the ground. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up, and was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, "Stay, princess, and take me with you as you promised," but she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise, tap-tap, as if somebody was coming up the marble staircase, and soon afterwards something knocked gently at the door, and said,

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

Then the princess ran to the door, and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten. She was terribly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could, came back to her seat. The king her father asked her what had frightened her. "There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, who lifted my ball out of the spring last evening. I promised him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring, but there he is at the door and wants to come in!" While she was speaking the frog knocked again at the door, and said,

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

The king said to the young princess, "As you have made a promise, you must keep it, so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and came up close to the table. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess,

"and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate closer to me so I may eat out of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired. Carry me upstairs and put me into your little bed." And the princess took him up in her hand and put him upon the pillow of her own little bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light, he jumped up, hopped downstairs and went out of the house. "Now," thought the princess, "he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken, for when night came again, she heard the same tapping at the door, and when she opened it, the frog came in and slept upon her pillow as before till the morning broke, and the third night he did the same, but when the princess awoke on the following morning, she was astonished to see, instead of a frog, a handsome prince gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen, and standing at the head of her bed.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a malicious fairy, who had changed him into the form of a frog, in which he was fated to remain till some princess should take him out of the spring and let him sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in giving her consent, and as they spoke a splendid carriage drove up with eight beautiful horses decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness, and behind rode the prince's servant, the faithful Henry, who had bewailed the misfortune of his dear master so long and bitterly that his heart had well-nigh burst. Then all set out full of joy for the prince's kingdom, where they arrived safely, and lived happily a great many years.

The Twelve Dancing Princesses

Once upon a time there was a king who had twelve beautiful daughters. They slept in twelve beds all in one room, and when they went to bed, the doors were shut and locked up. But every morning their shoes were found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night, and yet nobody could find out how it happened, or where they had been.

Then the king made it known to all the land that if any person could discover the secret, and find out where it was that the princesses danced in the night, he should have the one he liked best for his wife, and should be king after his death; but whoever tried and did not succeed, after three days and nights, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well entertained, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance, and in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the king's son soon fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The same thing happened the second and the third night, so the king ordered his head to be cut off. After him came several others, but they had all the same luck, and all lost their lives in the same manner.

Now it chanced that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle, and could fight no longer, passed through the coun-

try where this king reigned, and as he was travelling through a wood, he met an old woman, who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know where I am going, or what I had better do," said the soldier, "but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that the princesses dance, and then in time I might be a king." "Well," said the old dame, "that is no very hard task, only take care not to drink any of the wine which one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening, and as soon as she leaves you pretend to be fast asleep."

Then she gave him a cloak, and said, "As soon as you put that on you will become invisible, and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go." When the soldier heard all this good counsel, he determined to try his luck, so he went to the king, and said he was willing to undertake the task.

He was as well received as the others had been, and the king ordered fine royal robes to be given him, and when the evening came he was led to the outer chamber. Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine, but the soldier threw it all away secretly, taking care not to drink a drop. Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little while began to snore very loud as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve princesses heard this they laughed heartily, and the eldest said, "This fellow too might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!" Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the glass, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing. But the youngest said, "I don't know how it is, while you are so happy I feel very uneasy. I am sure some mischance will befall us." "You simpleton," said the eldest, "you are always afraid. Have you forgotten how many king's sons have already watched us in vain? And as for this soldier, even if I had not given him his sleeping draught, he would have slept soundly enough."

When they were all ready, they went and looked at the soldier. But he snored on, and did not stir hand or foot, so they thought they were quite safe, and the eldest went up to her own bed and clapped her hands, and the bed sunk into the floor and a trapdoor flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trapdoor one after another, the eldest leading the way, and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up, put on the cloak which the old woman had given him, and followed them. But in the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest princess, and she cried out to her sisters, "All is not right. Someone took hold of my gown." "You silly creature!" said the eldest. "It is nothing but a nail in the wall." Then down they all went, and at the bottom they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees, and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place, so he broke off a little branch and there came a loud noise from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, "I am sure all is not right—did not you hear that noise? That never happened before." But the eldest said, "It is only our princes, who are shouting for joy at our approach."

Then they came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold, and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each, and every time there was a loud noise, which made the youngest sister tremble with fear, but the eldest still said, it was only the princes, who were crying for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake, and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats with twelve handsome princes in them, who seemed to be waiting there for the princesses.

One of the princesses went into each boat, and the soldier stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier said, "I do not know why it

is, but though I am rowing with all my might we do not get on so fast as usual, and I am quite tired. The boat seems very heavy today." "It is only the heat of the weather," said the princess. "I feel it very warm too."

On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle, from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed, and went into the castle, and each prince danced with his princess, and the soldier, who was all the time invisible, danced with them too, and when any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest always silenced her. They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were obliged to leave off. The princes rowed them back again over the lake (but this time the soldier placed himself in the boat with the eldest princess), and on the opposite shore they took leave of each other, the princesses promising to come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the princesses, and laid himself down, and as the twelve sisters slowly came up very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed, so they said, "Now all is quite safe." Then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed. In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, but determined to see more of this strange adventure, and went again the second and third night, and everything happened just as before. The princesses danced each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then returned home. However, on the third night the soldier carried away one of the golden cups as a token of where he had been.

As soon as the time came when he was to declare the secret, he was taken before the king with the three branches and

the golden cup, and the twelve princesses stood listening behind the door to hear what he would say. And when the king asked him, "Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?" he answered, "With twelve princes in a castle underground." And then he told the king all that happened, and showed him the three branches and the golden cup which he had brought with him. Then the king called for the princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true. And when they saw that they were discovered and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they confessed it all. And the king asked the soldier which of them he would choose for his wife, and he answered, "I am not very young, so I will have the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier was chosen to be the king's heir.

Rose-Bud

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children; and this they lamented very much. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river, a little fish lifted its head out of the water and said, "Your wish shall be fulfilled, and you shall have a daughter." What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl that was so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on it for joy and determined to hold a great feast. So he invited not only his relations, friends, and neighbours, but also all the fairies, that they might be kind and good to his little daughter. Now there were thirteen fairies in his kingdom, and he had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, so that he was obliged to leave one of the fairies without an invitation. The rest came, and after the feast was over they gave all their best gifts to the little princess. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was excellent in the world. When eleven had done blessing her, the thirteenth, who had not been invited and was very angry on that account, came in and determined to take her revenge. So she cried out, "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year be wounded by a spindle and fall down dead." Then the twelfth, who had not yet given her gift, came forward and said that the bad wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften it, and that the king's daughter should not die, but fall asleep for a hundred years.

But the king hoped to save his dear child from the threat-

ened evil and ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and destroyed. All the fairies' gifts were in the meantime fulfilled, for the princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and amiable, and wise, that everyone who knew her loved her. Now it happened that on the very day she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself and looked at all the rooms and chambers till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. "Why, how now, good mother," said the princess, "what are you doing there?" "Spinning," said the old lady and nodded her head. "How prettily that little thing turns round!" said the princess and took the spindle and began to spin. But scarcely had she touched it before the prophecy was fulfilled, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep, and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their court, fell asleep too, and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the housetop, and the flies on the walls. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing and went to sleep, and the meat that was roasting stood still, and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep, and so everything stood still and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker, till at last the whole palace was surrounded and hid, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Rose-Bud (for so was the king's daughter called), so that from time to time several

king's sons came and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This they could never do, for the thorns and bushes laid hold of them as it were with hands, and there they stuck fast and died miserably.

After many years there came a king's son into that land, and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns, and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, in which was a wondrous princess, called Rose-Bud, asleep with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many many princes had come and had tried to break through the thicket but had stuck fast and died. Then the young prince said, "All this shall not frighten me. I will go and see Rose-Bud." The old man tried to dissuade him, but he persisted in going.

Now that very day were the hundred years completed, and as the prince came to the thicket he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he passed with ease, and they closed after him as firm as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep, and the horses in the stables, and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep with their heads under their wings, and when he came into the palace, the flies slept on the walls, and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand as if she would beat the boy, and the maid sat with a black fowl in her hand ready to be plucked.

Then he went on still farther, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew, till at last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which Rose-Bud was, and there she lay fast asleep and looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off, and he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment he kissed her she opened her eyes and awoke, and smiled upon him. Then they went out together, and presently the king and queen also awoke, and all the court, and they gazed on each other with great

wonder. And the horses got up and shook themselves, and the dogs jumped about and barked, the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about and flew into the fields. The flies on the walls buzzed away, the fire in the kitchen blazed up and cooked the dinner, and the roast meat turned round again. The cook gave the boy the box on his ear so that he cried out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl. And then was the wedding of the prince and Rose-Bud celebrated, and they lived happily together all their lives long.

Tom Thumb

There was once a poor woodman sitting by the fire in his cottage, and his wife sat by his side spinning. "How lonely it is," said he, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves without any children to play about and amuse us, while other people seem so happy and merry with their children!" "What you say is very true," said the wife, sighing and turning round her wheel. "How happy should I be if I had but one child! And if it were ever so small, nay, if it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be very happy, and love it dearly." Now it came to pass that this good woman's wish was fulfilled just as she desired, for, some time afterwards, she had a little boy who was quite healthy and strong, but not much bigger than my thumb. So they said, "Well, we cannot say we have not got what we wished for, and, little as he is, we will love him dearly," and they called him Tom Thumb.

They gave him plenty of food, yet he never grew bigger, but remained just the same size as when he was born. Still his eyes were sharp and sparkling, and he soon showed himself to be a clever little fellow, who always knew well what he was about. One day, as the woodman was getting ready to go into the wood to cut fuel, he said, "I wish I had someone to bring the cart after me, for I want to make haste." "Oh, father!" cried Tom, "I will take care of that. The cart shall be in the wood by the time you want it." Then the woodman laughed, and said, "How can that be? You cannot reach up to the horse's bridle." "Never mind that, father," said Tom. "If my mother will only harness the horse, I will get into his ear

and tell him which way to go." "Well," said the father, "we will try for once."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse to the cart and put Tom into his ear, and as he sat there, the little man told the beast how to go, crying out, "Go on!" and "Stop!" as he wanted, so the horse went on just as if the woodman had driven it himself into the wood. It happened that, as the horse was going a little too fast, and Tom was calling out, "Gently! Gently!" two strangers came up. "What an odd thing that is!" said one. "There is a cart going along, and I hear a carter talking to the horse but can see no one." "That is strange," said the other. "Let us follow the cart and see where it goes." So they went on into the wood till at last they came to the place where the woodman was. Then Tom Thumb, seeing his father, cried out, "See, father, here I am with the cart, all right and safe. Now take me down." So his father took hold of the horse with one hand, and with the other took his son out of the ear, then he put him down upon a straw where he sat as merry as you please. The two strangers were all this time looking on, and did not know what to say for wonder. At last one said to the other, "That little urchin will make our fortune if we can get him and carry him about from town to town as a show. We must buy him." So they went to the woodman and asked him what he would take for the little man. "He will be better off," said they, "with us than with you." "I won't sell him at all," said the father. "My own flesh and blood is dearer to me than all the silver and gold in the world." But Tom, hearing this, crept up his father's coat to his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Take the money, father, and let them have me. I'll soon come back to you."

So the woodman at last agreed to sell Tom to the strangers for a large piece of gold. "Where would you like to sit?" said one of them. "Oh! Put me on the rim of your hat. That will be a nice gallery for me. I can walk about there, and see the

country as we go along." So they did as he wished, and when Tom had taken leave of his father, they took him away with them. They journeyed on till it began to be dusky, and then the little man said, "Let me get down. I'm tired." So the man took off his hat and set him down on a clod of earth in a ploughed field by the side of the road. But Tom ran about amongst the furrows, and at last slipped into an old mousehole. "Good night, masters," said he. "I'm off! Mind and look sharp after me the next time." They ran directly to the place and poked the ends of their stick into the mousehole, but all in vain. Tom only crawled farther and farther in, and at last it became quite dark so that they were obliged to go their way without their prize, as sulky as you please.

When Tom found they were gone, he came out of his hiding place. "What dangerous walking it is," said he, "in this ploughed field! If I were to fall from one of these great clods, I should certainly break my neck." At last, by good luck, he found a large empty snail shell. "This is lucky," said he, "I can sleep here very well," and in he crept. Just as he was falling asleep he heard two men passing, and one said to the other, "How shall we manage to steal that rich parson's silver and gold?" "I'll tell you!" cried Tom. "What noise was that?" said the thief, frightened, "I am sure I heard someone speak." They stood still listening, and Tom said, "Take me with you, and I'll soon show you how to get the parson's money." "But where are you?" said they. "Look about on the ground," answered he, "and listen where the sound comes from." At last the thieves found him out and lifted him up in their hands. "You little urchin!" said they. "What can you do for us?" "Why, I can get between the iron window-bars of the parson's house, and throw you out whatever you want." "That's a good thought," said the thieves. "Come along, we shall see what you can do."

When they came to the parson's house, Tom slipped through the window-bars into the room, and then called out as loud as

he could bawl, "Will you have all that is in here?" At this the thieves were frightened and said, "Softly, softly! Speak low so that you do not waken anybody." But Tom pretended not to understand them and bawled out again, "How much will you have? Shall I throw it all out?" Now the cook lay in the next room, and hearing a noise she raised herself in her bed and listened. Meantime the thieves were frightened and ran off to a little distance, but at last they plucked up courage and said, "The little urchin is only trying to make fools of us." So they came back and whispered softly to him, saying, "Now let us have no more of your jokes, but throw out some of the money." Then Tom called out as loud as he could, "Very well. Hold your hands out, here it comes!" The cook heard this quite plain, so she sprang out of bed and ran to open the door. The thieves ran off as if a wolf was at their tails, and the maid, having groped about and found nothing, went for a light. By the time she returned, Tom had slipped off into the barn, and when the cook had looked about and searched every hole and corner, and found nobody, she went to bed, thinking she must have been dreaming with her eyes open. The little man crawled about in the hayloft and at last found a glorious place to finish his night's rest in, so he laid himself down, meaning to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home to his father and mother. But, alas! How cruelly was he disappointed! What crosses and sorrows happen in this world! The cook got up early before daybreak to feed the cows. She went straight to the hayloft and carried away a large bundle of hay with the little man in the middle of it fast asleep. He still, however, slept on, and did not awake till he found himself in the mouth of the cow, who had taken him up with a mouthful of hay. "Good lack-a-day!" said he. "How did I manage to tumble into this?" But he soon found out where he really was, and was obliged to have all his wits about him in order that he might not get between the cow's teeth and so be crushed to

death. At last, down he went into her stomach. "It is rather dark here," said he. "They forgot to build windows in this room to let the sun in. A candle would be no bad thing."

Though he made the best of his bad luck, he did not like his quarters at all, and the worst of it was that more and more hay was always coming down, and the space in which he was became smaller and smaller. At last he cried out as loud as he could, "Don't bring me any more hay! Don't bring me any more hay!" The maid happened to be just then milking the cow, and hearing someone speak and seeing nobody, and yet being quite sure it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so frightened that she fell off her stool and upset the milk pail. She ran off as fast as she could to her master, the parson, and said, "Sir, sir, the cow is talking!" But the parson said, "Woman, you are surely mad!" However, he went with her into the cowhouse to see what was the matter. Scarcely had they set their foot on the threshold when Tom called out, "Don't bring me any more hay!" Then the parson himself was frightened and, thinking the cow was surely bewitched, ordered that she should be killed directly. So the cow was killed, and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out upon a dunghill.

Tom soon set himself to work to get out, which was not a very easy task, but at last, just as he had made room to get his head out, a new misfortune befell him. A hungry wolf sprang out and swallowed the whole stomach, with Tom in it, at a single gulp, and ran away. Tom, however, was not disheartened and, thinking the wolf would not dislike having some chat with him as he was going along, he called out, "My good friend, I can show you a famous treat." "Where's that?" said the wolf. "In such and such a house," said Tom, describing his father's house, "you can crawl through the drain into the kitchen, and there you will find cakes, ham, beef, and everything your heart can desire." The wolf did not want to be

asked twice, so that very night he went to the house and crawled through the drain into the kitchen, and ate and drank there to his heart's content. As soon as he was satisfied, he wanted to get away, but he had eaten so much that he could not get out the same way as he came in. This was just what Tom had reckoned upon, and he now began to set up a great shout, making all the noise he could. "Will you be quiet?" said the wolf. "You'll awaken everybody in the house." "What's that to me?" said the little man. "You have had your frolic, now I've a mind to be merry myself," and he began again singing and shouting as loud as he could.

The woodman and his wife, wakened by the noise, peeped through a crack in the door, but when they saw that the wolf was there, you may well suppose that they were terribly frightened. The woodman ran for his axe and gave his wife a scythe. "Now you stay behind," said he, "and when I have knocked him on the head, rip up his belly for him with the scythe." Tom heard all this, and said, "Father, father! I am here. The wolf has swallowed me!" And his father said, "Heaven be praised! We have found our dear child again," and he told his wife not to use the scythe for fear she should hurt him. Then he aimed a great blow and struck the wolf on the head, and killed him on the spot, and when he was dead they cut open his body and set Tommy free. "Ah!" said the father. "What fears we have had for you!" "Yes, father," answered he. "I have travelled all over the world since we parted, in one way or other, and now I am very glad to get fresh air again." "Why, where have you been?" said his father. "I have been in a mousehole, in a snail shell, down a cow's throat, and in the wolf's belly, and yet here I am again safe and sound." "Well," said they, "we will not sell you again for all the riches in the world." So they hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and fetched new clothes for him, for his old ones were quite spoiled on his journey.

Peter the Goatherd

There is a high mountain in the wilds of the Hartz Forest, where the fairies and goblins dance by night, and where they say the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa still holds his court among the caverns. Now and then he shows himself and punishes those whom he dislikes, or gives some rich gift to the lucky ones whom he takes it into his head to befriend. He sits on a throne of marble with his red beard sweeping on the ground, and once or twice in a long course of years rouses himself for a while from the trance in which he is buried, but soon falls again into his former forgetfulness. Strange chances have befallen many who have strayed within the range of his court. You shall hear one of them.

A great many years ago there lived in the village at the foot of the mountain, one Peter, a goatherd. Every morning he drove his flock to feed upon the green spots that are here and there found on the mountain's side, and in the evening he sometimes thought it too far to drive his charge home, so he used in such cases to shut it up in a spot amongst the woods, where an old ruined wall was left standing, high enough to form a fold, in which he could count his goats and rest in peace for the night. One evening he found that the prettiest goat of his flock had vanished soon after they were driven into this fold, but was there again in the morning. Again and again he watched, and the same strange thing happened. He thought he would look still more narrowly, and soon found a cleft in the old wall, through which it seemed that his favour-

ite made her way. Peter followed, scrambling as well as he could down the side of the rock, and wondered not a little, on overtaking his goat, to find it employing itself very much at its ease in a cavern, eating corn that kept dropping from some place above. He went into the cavern and looked about him to see where all this corn, that rattled about his ears like a hailstorm, could come from, but all was dark, and he could find no clue to this strange business. At last, as he stood listening, he thought he heard the neighing and stamping of horses. He listened again. It was plainly so, and after a while he was sure that horses were feeding above him and that the corn fell from their mangers. What could these horses be, which were thus kept in a mountain where none but the goat's foot ever trod? Peter pondered awhile, but his wonder only grew greater and greater, when all of a sudden a little page came forth and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and came at last to a courtyard surrounded by an old wall. The spot seemed the heart of the valley. Above rose on every hand high masses of rock; wide branching trees threw their arms overhead so that nothing but a glimmering twilight made its way through; and here, on the cool smooth-shaven turf, were twelve old knights, who looked very grave and sober but were amusing themselves with a game of ninepins.

Not a word fell from their lips, but they ordered Peter by dumb signs to busy himself in setting up the pins as they knocked them down. At first his knees trembled, as he dared to snatch a stolen sidelong glance at the long beards and old-fashioned dress of the worthy knights. Little by little, however, he grew bolder, and at last he plucked up his heart so far as to take his turn in the draught at the can which stood beside him, and sent up the smell of the richest old wine. This gave him new strength for his work, and, as often as he flagged at all, he turned to the same kind friend for help in his need.

Sleep at last overpowered him, and when he awoke he found

himself stretched out upon the old spot where he had folded his flock. The same green turf was spread beneath, and the same tottering walls surrounded him. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goat was to be seen, and when he had looked about him again the grass seemed to be longer under his feet, and trees hung over his head which he had either never seen before or had forgotten. Shaking his head, and hardly knowing whether he were in his right mind, he wound his way among the mountains, along paths where his flocks used to wander, but still not a goat was to be seen. Below him in the plain lay the village where his home was, and at length he took the downward path and set out with a heavy heart in search of his flock. The people who met him as he drew near to the village were all unknown to him. They were not even dressed as his neighbours were, and they seemed as if they hardly spoke the same tongue; and when he eagerly asked after his goats, they only stared at him and stroked their chins. At last he did the same too, and what was his wonder to find that his beard was grown at least a foot long! The world, he thought to himself, is now turned over, or at any rate bewitched. And yet he knew the mountain (as he turned round to gaze upon its woody heights), and he knew the houses and cottages also, with their little gardens, all of which were in the same places as he had always known them. He heard some children, too, call the village by its old name, as a traveller who passed by was asking his way.

Again he shook his head and went straight through the village to his own cottage. Alas! It looked sadly out of repair; and in the courtyard lay an unknown child, in a ragged dress, by the side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he ought to know but who snarled and barked in his face when he called to him. He went in at an opening in the wall where a door had once stood, but found all so dreary and empty that he staggered out again like a drunken man, and called his

wife and children loudly by their names, but no one heard—at least no one answered him.

A crowd of women and children soon flocked around the long-grey-bearded man, and all broke upon him at once with the questions, "Who are you?" "Whom do you want?" It seemed to him so odd to ask other people at his own door after his wife and children, that in order to get rid of the crowd he named the first man that came into his head; "Hans the blacksmith!" said he. Most held their tongues and stared, but at last an old woman said, "He went these seven years to a place that you will not reach today." "Frank the tailor, then!" "Heaven rest his soul!" said an old woman upon crutches. "He has laid these ten years in a house that he'll never leave."

Peter looked at the old woman and shuddered as he saw her to be one of his old friends, only with a strangely altered face. All wish to ask further questions was gone! But at last a young woman made her way through the gaping throng with a baby in her arms, and a little girl about three years old clinging to her other hand. All three looked the very image of his wife. "What is your name?" he asked wildly. "Mary." "And your father's?" "Heaven bless him! Peter! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the mountain. His flock came back, but he never was heard of any more. I was then seven years old." The goatherd could hold no longer. "I am Peter," cried he. "I am Peter, and no other!" as he took the child from his daughter's arms and kissed it. All stood gaping, and not knowing what to say or think, till at length one voice was heard, "Why, it is Peter!" And then several others cried, "Yes, it is; it is Peter! Welcome, neighbour, welcome home, after twenty long years!"

Frederick and Catherine

Once upon a time there was a man called Frederick. He had a wife whose name was Catherine, and they had not long been married. One day Frederick said, "Kate! I am going to work in the fields. When I come back I shall be hungry, so let me have something nice cooked, and a good draught of ale." "Very well," said she, "it shall all be ready." When dinnertime drew near, Catherine took a nice steak, which was all the meat she had, and put it on the fire to fry. The steak soon began to look brown and to crackle in the pan, and Catherine stood by with a fork and turned it. Then she said to herself, "The steak is almost ready. I may as well go to the cellar for the ale." So she left the pan on the fire, and took a large jug and went into the cellar and tapped the ale cask. The beer ran into the jug, and Catherine stood looking on. At last it popped into her head, "The dog is not shut up—he may be running away with the steak. It's well I thought of it." So up she ran from the cellar, and sure enough the rascally cur had got the steak in his mouth and was making off with it.

Away ran Catherine, and away ran the dog across the field; but he ran faster than she, and stuck close to the steak. "It's all gone, and 'what can't be cured must be endured'," said Catherine. So she turned round, and as she had run a good way and was tired, she walked home leisurely to cool herself.

Now all this time the ale was running too, for Catherine had not turned the cock, and when the jug was full the liquor ran on the floor till the cask was empty. When she got to the

cellar stairs she saw what had happened. "My stars!" said she. "What shall I do to keep Frederick from seeing all this ale slopping about?" So she thought a while, and at last remembered that there was a sack of fine meal bought at the last fair, and that if she sprinkled this over the floor it would suck up the ale nicely. "What a lucky thing," said she, "that we kept that meal! We have now a good use for it." So away she went for it, but she managed to set it down just upon the great jug full of beer, and upset it; and thus all the ale that had been saved was set swimming on the floor also. "Ah! Well," said she, "when one goes, another may as well follow." Then she strewed the meal all about the cellar, and was quite pleased with her cleverness, and said, "How very neat and clean it looks!"

At noon Frederick came home. "Now, wife," cried he, "what have you for dinner?" "Oh, Frederick!" answered she, "I was cooking you a steak, but while I went to draw the ale, the dog ran away with it; and while I ran after him, the ale all ran out; and when I went to dry up the ale with the sack of meal that we got at the fair, I upset the jug. But the cellar is now quite dry, and looks so clean!" "Kate, Kate," said he, "how could you do all this? Why did you leave the steak to fry, and the ale to run, and then spoil all the meal?" "Why, Frederick," said she, "I did not know I was doing wrong. You should have told me before."

The husband thought to himself, "If my wife manages matters thus, I must look sharp myself." Now he had a good deal of gold in the house, so he said to Catherine, "What pretty yellow buttons these are! I shall put them into a box and bury them in the garden; but take care that you never go near or meddle with them." "No, Frederick," said she, "that I never will do." As soon as he was gone, there passed by some pedlars with earthenware plates and dishes, and they asked her whether she would buy. "Oh dear me, I should like to buy

very much, but I have no money. If you had any use for yellow buttons, I might deal with you." "Yellow buttons!" said they. "Let us have a look at them." "Go into the garden and dig where I tell you, and you will find the yellow buttons. I dare not go myself." So the rogues went, and when they found what these yellow buttons were, they took them all away, and left her plenty of plates and dishes. Then she set them all about the house for show, and when Frederick came back, he cried out, "Kate, what have you been doing?" "See," said she, "I have bought all these with your yellow buttons, but I did not touch them myself. The pedlars went themselves and dug them up." "Wife, wife," said Frederick, "what a pretty piece of work you have made! Those yellow buttons were all my money. How came you to do such a thing?" "Why," answered she, "I did not know there was any harm in it. You should have told me."

Catherine stood musing for a while, and at last said to her husband, "Hark ye, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back. Let us run after the thieves!" "Well, we will try," answered he, "but take some butter and cheese with you that we may have something to eat by the way." "Very well," said she, and they set out. As Frederick walked the faster, he left his wife some way behind. "It does not matter," thought she. "When we turn back, I shall be so much nearer home than he."

Presently she came to the top of a hill, down the side of which there was a road so narrow that the cartwheels always chafed the trees on each side as they passed. "Ah, see now," said she, "how they have bruised and wounded those poor trees. They will never get well." So she took pity on them, and made use of the butter to grease them all, so that the wheels might not hurt them so much. While she was doing this kind office, one of her cheeses fell out of the basket and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked but could not see where it had gone, so she said, "Well, I suppose the other will go the

same way and find you. He has younger legs than I have." Then she rolled the other cheese after it, and away it went, nobody knows where, down the hill. But she said she supposed they knew the road and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them.

At last she overtook Frederick, who desired her to give him something to eat. Then she gave him the dry bread. "Where are the butter and cheese?" said he. "Oh!" answered she, "I used the butter to grease those poor trees that the wheels chafed so, and one of the cheeses ran away, so I sent the other after it to find it, and I suppose they are both on the road together somewhere." "What a goose you are to do such silly things!" said the husband. "How can you say so?" said she. "I am sure you never told me not."

They ate the dry bread together, and Frederick said, "Kate, I hope you locked the door safe when you came away." "No," answered she. "You did not tell me." "Then go home, and do it now before we go any farther," said Frederick, "and bring with you something to eat."

Catherine did as he told her, and thought to herself by the way, "Frederick wants something to eat, but I don't think he is very fond of butter and cheese. I'll bring him a bag of fine nuts, and the vinegar, for I have often seen him take some."

When she reached home, she bolted the back door, but the front door she took off the hinges, and said, "Frederick told me to lock the door, but surely it can nowhere be so safe as if I take it with me." So she took her time by the way, and when she overtook her husband she cried out, "There, Frederick, there is the door itself, now you may watch it as carefully as you please." "Alas! Alas!" said he. "What a clever wife I have! I sent you to make the house fast, and you take the door away so that everybody may go in and out as they please—however, as you have brought the door, you shall carry it about with you for your pains." "Very well," answered she, "I'll

carry the door, but I'll not carry the nuts and vinegar bottle also—that would be too much of a load. So, if you please, I'll fasten them to the door."

Frederick of course made no objection to that plan, and they set off into the wood to look for the thieves, but they could not find them; and when it grew dark, they climbed up into a tree to spend the night there. Scarcely were they up, than who should come by but the very rogues they were looking for. They were in truth great rascals, and belonged to that class of people who find things before they are lost. They were tired, so they sat down and made a fire under the very tree where Frederick and Catherine were. Frederick slipped down on the other side and picked up some stones. Then he climbed up again and tried to hit the thieves on the head with them, but they only said, "It must be near morning, for the wind shakes the fir apples down."

Catherine, who had the door on her shoulder, began to be very tired, but she thought it was the nuts upon it that were so heavy, so she said softly, "Frederick, I must let the nuts go." "No," answered he, "not now. They will discover us." "I can't help that, they must go." "Well then, make haste and throw them down, if you will." Then away rattled the nuts down among the boughs, and one of the thieves cried, "Bless me, it is hailing!"

A little while after, Catherine thought the door was still very heavy, so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the vinegar down." "Pray don't," answered he, "it will discover us." "I can't help that," said she, "go it must." So she poured all the vinegar down, and the thieves said, "What a heavy dew there is!"

At last it popped into Catherine's head that it was the door itself that was so heavy all the time, so she whispered, "Frederick, I must throw the door down soon." But he begged and prayed her not to do so, for he was sure it would betray

them. "Here goes, however," said she, and down went the door with such a clatter upon the thieves that they cried out, "Murder!" and not knowing what was coming, ran away as fast as they could, and left all the gold. So Catherine was right at last! And when she and Frederick came down there they found all their money safe and sound.

King Grisly-Beard

A great king had a daughter who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty and conceited that none of the princes who came to ask for her in marriage was good enough for her, and she only made sport of them.

Once upon a time the king held a great feast and invited all her suitors; and they sat in a row according to their rank, kings and princes and dukes and earls. Then the princess came in and passed by them all, but she had something spiteful to say to every one. The first was too fat. "He's as round as a tub!" said she. The next was too tall. "What a maypole!" said she. The next was too short. "What a dumpling!" said she. The fourth was too pale, and she called him "Wallface". The fifth was too red, so she called him "Cockscomb". The sixth was not straight enough, so she said he was like a green stick that had been laid to dry over a baker's oven. And thus she had some joke to crack upon every one, but she laughed more than all at a good king who was there. "Look at him," said she. "His beard is like an old mop; he shall be called Grisly-Beard!" So the king got the nick-name of Grisly-Beard.

But the old king was very angry when he saw how his daughter behaved and how she ill-treated all his guests, and he vowed that, willing or unwilling, she should marry the first beggar that came to the door.

Two days after there came by a travelling musician, who began to sing under the window and beg alms, and when the king heard him, he said, "Let him come in." So they brought in a dirty-looking fellow, and when he had sung before the

king and the princess, he begged a gift. Then the king said, "You have sung so well that I will give you my daughter for your wife." The princess begged and prayed, but the king said, "I have sworn to give you to the first beggar, and I will keep my word." So words and tears were of no avail. The parson was sent for, and she was married to the musician. When this was over, the king said, "Now get ready to go. You must not stay here. You must travel on with your husband."

Then the beggar departed and took her with him, and they soon came to a great wood. "Pray," said she, "whose is this wood?" "It belongs to King Grisly-Beard," answered he. "Had you taken him, all this would have been thine." "Ah! Unlucky wretch that I am!" sighed she, "I wish I had married King Grisly-Beard!" Next they came to some fine meadows. "Whose are those beautiful green meadows?" said she. "They belong to King Grisly-Beard. Had you taken him, all this would have been thine." "Ah! Unlucky wretch that I am!" sighed she, "I wish I had married king Grisly-Beard!"

Then they came to a great city. "Whose is this noble city?" said she. "It belongs to King Grisly-Beard. Had you taken him, all this would have been thine." "Ah! Miserable wretch that I am!" sighed she, "why did I not marry King Grisly-Beard?" "That is no business of mine," said the musician. "Why should you wish for another husband? Am not I good enough for you?"

At last they came to a small cottage. "What a paltry place!" said she. "To whom does that little dirty hole belong?" The musician answered, "That is your and my house, where we are to live." "Where are your servants?" cried she. "What do we want with servants?" said he. "You must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire, and put on water and cook my supper, for I am very tired." But the princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking, and the beggar was forced to help her. When they had eaten a very scanty

meal they went to bed, but the musician called her up very early in the morning to clean the house. Thus they lived for two days, and when they had eaten up all there was in the cottage, the man said, "Wife, we can't go on thus, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets." Then he went out and cut willows and brought them home, and she began to weave, but it made her fingers very sore. "I see this work won't do," said he. "Try and spin, perhaps you will do that better." So she sat down and tried to spin, but the threads cut her tender fingers till the blood ran. "See now," said the musician, "you are good for nothing, you can do no work. What a bargain I have got! However, I'll try and set up a trade in pots and pans, and you shall stand in the market and sell them." "Alas!" sighed she. "When I stand in the market and any of my father's court pass by and see me there, how they will laugh at me!"

But the beggar did not care for that and said she must work, if she did not wish to die of hunger. At first the trade went well, for many people, seeing such a beautiful woman, went to buy her wares and paid their money without thinking of taking away the goods. They lived on this as long as it lasted, and then her husband bought a fresh lot of wares, and she sat herself down with them in the corner of the market; but a drunken soldier soon came by, and rode his horse against her stall and broke all her goods into a thousand pieces. Then she began to weep, and knew not what to do. "Ah! What will become of me?" said she. "What will my husband say?" So she ran home and told him everything. "Who would have thought you would have been so silly," said he, "as to put an earthenware stall in the corner of the market, where everybody passes? But let us have no more crying. I see you are not fit for this sort of work, so I have been to the king's palace and asked if they did not want a kitchen maid, and they have promised to take you, and there you will have plenty to eat."

Thus the princess became a kitchen maid, and helped the cook to do all the dirtiest work. She was allowed to carry home some of the meat that was left, and on this she and her husband lived.

She had not been there long before she heard that the king's eldest son was passing by, on his way to be married, and she went to one of the windows and looked out. Everything was ready, and all the pomp and splendour of the court was there. Then she thought with an aching heart of her own sad fate, and bitterly grieved for the pride and folly that had brought her so low. And the servants gave her some of the rich meats, which she put into her basket to take home.

All of a sudden, as she was going out, in came the king's son in golden clothes, and when he saw a beautiful woman at the door, he took her by the hand and said she should be his partner in the dance; but she trembled for fear, for she saw that it was King Grisly-Beard, who was making sport of her. However, he kept fast hold and led her in, and the cover of the basket came off so that the meats in it fell all about. Then everybody laughed and jeered at her, and she was so ashamed that she wished herself a thousand feet deep in the earth. She sprang to the door to run away, but on the steps King Grisly-Beard overtook and brought her back, and said, "Fear me not! I am the musician who has lived with you in the hut. I brought you there because I loved you. I am also the soldier who upset your stall. I have done all this only to cure you of pride, and to punish you for the ill-treatment you bestowed on me. Now all is over. You have learned wisdom; your faults are gone; and it is time to celebrate our marriage feast!"

Then the chamberlains came and brought her the most beautiful robes; and her father and his whole court were there already and congratulated her on her marriage. Joy was in every face. The feast was grand, and all were merry; and I wish you and I had been of the party.

Snowdrop

'Twas in the middle of winter when the broad flakes of snow were falling around that a certain queen sat working at a window, the frame of which was made of fine black ebony, and as she was looking out upon the snow, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon it. Then she gazed thoughtfully upon the red drops that sprinkled the white snow, and said, "Would that my little daughter may be as white as that snow, as red as the blood, and as black as the ebony window frame!" And so the little girl grew up. Her skin was as white as snow, her cheeks as rosy as the blood, and her hair as black as ebony; and she was called Snowdrop.

But this queen died, and the king soon married another wife, who was very beautiful but so proud that she could not bear to think that anyone could surpass her. She had a magical looking-glass, to which she used to go and gaze upon herself, and say:

"Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land,
Who is the fairest? Tell me who?"

And the glass answered:

"Thou, queen, art fairest in the land."

But Snowdrop grew more and more beautiful, and when she was seven years old she was as bright as the day and fairer than the queen herself. Then the glass one day answered the queen when she went to consult it as usual:

"Thou, queen, may'st fair and beauteous be,
But Snowdrop is lovelier far than thee!"

When she heard this, she turned pale with rage and envy, and called to one of her servants and said, "Take Snowdrop away into the wide wood so that I may never see her more." Then the servant led her away, but his heart melted when she begged him to spare her life, and he said, "I will not hurt you, pretty child." So he left her by herself, and though he thought it most likely that the wild beasts would tear her in pieces, he felt as if a great weight were taken off his heart when he had made up his mind not to kill her, but leave her to her fate.

Then poor Snowdrop wandered along through the wood in great fear, and the wild beasts roared about her but none did her any harm. In the evening she came to a little cottage and went in there to rest herself, for her little feet would carry her no farther. Everything was spruce and neat in the cottage: on the table was spread a white cloth, and there were seven little plates with seven little loaves, and seven little glasses with wine in them; and knives and forks laid in order; and by the wall stood seven little beds. Then, as she was very hungry, she picked a little piece off each loaf, and drank a very little wine out of each glass; and after that she thought she would lie down and rest. So she tried all the little beds; and one was too long, and another was too short, till at last the seventh suited her; and there she laid herself down and went to sleep. Presently in came the masters of the cottage, who were seven little dwarfs who lived among the mountains, and dug and searched about for gold. They lighted up their seven lamps, and saw directly that all was not right. The first said, "Who has been sitting on my stool?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third, "Who has been picking my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been meddling with my spoon?" The fifth, "Who has been handling my fork?" The sixth, "Who

has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has been drinking my wine?" Then the first looked round and said, "Who has been lying on my bed?" And the rest came running to him, and everyone cried out that somebody had been upon his bed. But the seventh saw Snowdrop, and called all his brothers to come and see her; and they cried out with wonder and astonishment, and brought their lamps to look at her, and said, "Good heavens! What a lovely child she is!" And they were delighted to see her, and took care not to wake her; and the seventh dwarf slept an hour with each of the other dwarfs in turn, till the night was gone.

In the morning Snowdrop told them all her story; and they pitied her, and said if she would keep all things in order, and cook and wash, and knit and spin for them, she might stay where she was, and they would take good care of her. Then they went out all day long to their work, seeking for gold and silver in the mountains; and Snowdrop remained at home; and they warned her and said, "The queen will soon find out where you are, so take care and let no one in."

But the queen, now that she thought Snowdrop was dead, believed that she was certainly the handsomest lady in the land, and she went to the glass and said:

"Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land,
Who is fairest? Tell me who?"

And the glass answered:

"Thou, queen, art the fairest in all this land;
But over the hills, in the greenwood shade,
Where the seven dwarfs their dwelling have made,
There Snowdrop is hiding her head; and she
Is lovelier far, Oh queen! than thee."

Then the queen was very much alarmed, for she knew that

the glass always spoke the truth and was sure that the servant had betrayed her. And she could not bear to think that anyone lived who was more beautiful than she was, so she disguised herself as an old pedlar and went her way over the hills to the place where the dwarfs dwelt. Then she knocked at the door and cried, "Fine wares to sell!" Snowdrop looked out at the window and said, "Good day, good woman. What have you to sell?" "Good wares, fine wares," said she; "laces and bobbins of all colours." "I will let the old lady in. She seems to be a very good sort of body," thought Snowdrop, so she ran down and unbolted the door. "Bless me!" said the old woman. "How badly your stays are laced! Let me lace them up with one of my nice new laces." Snowdrop did not dream of any mischief, so she stood up before the old woman; but she set to work so nimbly and pulled the lace so tight that Snowdrop lost her breath and fell down as if she were dead. "There's an end of all thy beauty," said the spiteful queen, and went away home.

In the evening the seven dwarfs returned, and I need not say how grieved they were to see their faithful Snowdrop stretched upon the ground motionless, as if she were quite dead. However, they lifted her up, and when they found what was the matter, they cut the lace, and in a little time she began to breathe and soon came to life again. Then they said, "The old woman was the queen herself. Take care another time, and let no one in when we are away."

When the queen got home, she went straight to her glass and spoke to it as usual, but to her great surprise it still said:

"Thou, queen, art the fairest in all this land;
But over the hills, in the greenwood shade,
Where the seven dwarfs their dwelling have made,
There Snow-drop is hiding her head; and she
Is lovelier far, Oh queen! than thee."

Then the blood ran cold in her heart with spite and malice to see that Snowdrop still lived, and she dressed herself up again in a disguise, but very different from the one she wore before, and took with her a poisoned comb. When she reached the dwarfs' cottage, she knocked at the door and cried, "Fine wares to sell!" but Snowdrop said, "I dare not let anyone in." Then the queen said, "Only look at my beautiful combs," and gave her the poisoned one. And it looked so pretty that she took it up and put it into her hair to try it, but the moment it touched her head the poison was so powerful that she fell down senseless. "There you may lie," said the queen, and went her way. But by good luck the dwarfs returned very early that evening, and when they saw Snowdrop lying on the ground, they realized what had happened, and soon found the poisoned comb. And when they took it away, she recovered, and told them all that had passed; and they warned her once more not to open the door to anyone.

Meantime the queen went home to her glass and trembled with rage when she received exactly the same answer as before, and she said, "Snowdrop shall die, if it costs me my life." So she went secretly into a chamber and prepared a poisoned apple. The outside looked very rosy and tempting, but whoever tasted it was sure to die. Then she dressed herself up as a peasant's wife, and travelled over the hills to the dwarfs' cottage, and knocked at the door, but Snowdrop put her head out of the window and said, "I dare not let anyone in, for the dwarfs have told me not." "Do as you please," said the old woman, "but at any rate take this pretty apple. I will make you a present of it." "No," said Snowdrop, "I dare not take it." "You silly girl!" answered the other. "What are you afraid of? Do you think it is poisoned? Come! Do eat one part, and I will eat the other." Now the apple was so prepared that one side was good, though the other side was poisoned. Then Snowdrop was very much tempted to taste, for the apple

looked exceedingly nice, and when she saw the old woman eat, she could refrain no longer. But she had scarcely put the piece into her mouth when she fell down dead upon the ground. "This time nothing will save thee," said the queen, and she went home to her glass, and at last it said:

"Thou, queen, art the fairest of all the fair."

And then her envious heart was glad and as happy as such a heart could be.

When evening came and the dwarfs returned home, they found Snowdrop lying on the ground. No breath passed her lips, and they were afraid that she was quite dead. They lifted her up, and combed her hair, and washed her face with wine and water; but all was in vain, for the little girl seemed quite dead. So they laid her down upon a bier, and all seven watched and bewailed her three whole days; and then they proposed to bury her, but her cheeks were still rosy, and her face looked just as it did while she was alive, so they said, "We will never bury her in the cold ground." And they made a coffin of glass so that they might still look at her, and wrote her name upon it, in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. And the coffin was placed upon the hill, and one of the dwarfs always sat by it and watched. And the birds of the air came too, and bemoaned Snowdrop. First of all came an owl, and then a raven, but at last came a dove.

And thus Snowdrop lay for a long, long time, and still only looked as though she were asleep, for she was even now as white as snow, and as red as blood, and as black as ebony. At last a prince came and called at the dwarfs' house, and he saw Snowdrop, and read what was written in golden letters. Then he offered the dwarfs money, and earnestly prayed them to let him take her away, but they said, "We will not part with her for all the gold in the world." At last, however, they had pity on him, and gave him the coffin, but the moment he lifted

it up to carry it home with him, the piece of apple fell from between her lips, and Snowdrop awoke and said, "Where am I?" And the prince answered, "You are safe with me." Then he told her all that had happened, and said, "I love you better than all the world. Come with me to my father's palace and you shall be my wife." And Snowdrop consented, and went home with the prince, and everything was prepared with great pomp and splendour for their wedding.

To the feast was invited, among the rest, Snowdrop's old enemy, the queen, and as she was dressing herself in fine rich clothes, she looked in the glass and said:

"Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land,
Who is fairest? Tell me who?"

And the glass answered:

"Thou, lady, art loveliest *here*, I ween;
But lovelier far is the new-made queen."

When she heard this, she started with rage, but her envy and curiosity were so great that she could not help setting out to see the bride. And when she arrived and saw that it was no other than Snowdrop, who, as she thought, had been dead a long while, she choked with passion, and fell ill and died; but Snowdrop and the prince lived and reigned happily over that land many, many years.

Snow-White and Rose-Red

Once upon a time there was a poor woman who lived in a little cottage which had a garden where stood two rose trees, one of which bore white flowers and the other red, and she had two children who were like the roses, and who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red. They were so nice and so good, so hard-working and cheerful, that never in the world were there two children like them. Snow-White was even sweeter than Rose-Red. Rose-Red loved to run about the meadows amongst the flowers and birds, but Snow-White was fond of staying at home with her mother and helping with the housework, or, when there was no more to do, reading aloud to her.

The children were so fond of one another that they always held hands when they were out together, and when Snow-White said, "We will never be parted," Rose-Red answered, "Never, as long as we live!" and their mother added, "And you will always share everything."

Often they went into the woods to gather berries, and none of the wild animals would do them harm or was afraid of them. The young hare would eat a cabbage leaf from their hands; the doe would graze near them; the stag ran by them merrily, and the birds stayed singing in the branches.

No accident ever happened to them. If they stayed late in the woods and night came on, they lay down side by side on the moss and slept till morning, and their mother was not anxious, for she knew they would be all right.

Once when they had done this, they saw, when dawn woke

them, that a beautiful child in shining white clothes was sitting near by. The child stood up and gave them a friendly look, but went away into the wood without saying a word. And when they looked about, they saw that they had been sleeping close to the edge of a cliff, over which they would have fallen in the dark if they had gone another step. The child must have been one of the angels, their mother said, who take care of good children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so tidy that it was a pleasure to see it. In the summer Rose-Red looked after the house and in the morning put on her mother's bed a spray of roses with a flower on every stem. In winter Snow-White lit the fire and put on the kettle. It was a brass kettle, but it was polished till it shone like gold.

In the evening, when it was snowing, their mother would say, "Now, Snow-White, bolt the door," then they would sit by the hearth, and their mother would put on her spectacles and read aloud out of a big book while the little girls listened and worked their spinning wheels. Near by a lamb would lie on the floor, and a dove, with its head under its wing, would perch on one of the rafters overhead.

One evening, as they sat so happily together, there came a knock at the door. "Fly, Rose-Red," said her mother, "and see who is there. It must be someone who has lost his way and is seeking shelter."

Rose-Red went and unbolted the door, thinking it was some poor man outside, but it was a bear who thrust in his great black head! Rose-Red screamed and jumped back; the lamb began to bleat; the dove fluttered from its perch; and Snow-White hid behind her mother's bed.

Then the bear spoke and said, "Don't be afraid. I shan't hurt you. I'm half frozen, and I only want to warm myself."

"You poor thing!" said the mother. "Lie down close to the fire, but take care you don't singe your fur." Then she called,

"Snow-White, Rose-Red, come here. The bear won't hurt you, he's a perfect gentleman." So they came forward, and soon, bit by bit, drew quite close to the bear, and soon even the lamb and the dove lost their fear of him.

The bear said, "Children, knock the snow off my coat," so they brought a broom and brushed it all off, while he stretched himself on the hearth and rumbled happily.

Before long they were all the best of friends and quite at home with the uninvited guest. The children pulled his hair, put their little feet on his back, and pushed him about or smacked him with a hazel switch, and laughed when he growled. The bear enjoyed it all, but if they were too rough he would say, "Don't quite kill me, children!

"Snow-White and Rose-Red

Would you have your sweetheart dead?"

When bedtime came, the mother said to the bear, "You can't go out in this weather. You may sleep by the fire."

In the morning the children let him out, and off he went across the snow into the wood.

After that the bear came every evening at the same time, lay down by the fire, and let the children tease him as much as they liked. They grew so used to him that the door was never bolted till the big black fellow had arrived.

When spring came, and all outside was green, the bear one morning said to Snow-White, "I must go away now, and I shan't be back all summer."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I must go into the forest to guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In winter, when everything is frozen hard, they have to stay underground and can't dig, but as soon as the sun has thawed and warmed the earth they come out and hunt about for anything they can steal. Anything they once get their hands on isn't likely to be seen again."

It made Snow-White very sad to say goodbye to the bear, and as she unbolted the door for him he caught his fur on the latch and tore off a small piece, and it seemed to Snow-White that underneath he shone like gold, but she didn't know what it meant.

The bear hurried away and in a few minutes was hidden amongst the trees.

Not long after that the two children were sent by their mother into the wood to gather sticks. Presently they came upon a fallen tree, and close by the trunk they saw something jumping about in the grass. At first they couldn't tell what it was, but when they got closer they saw it was a dwarf with an old wrinkled face and a long white beard. The end of his beard was caught in a split in the wood, and the small creature was leaping to and fro like a puppy on a lead, and couldn't get away.

He glared at the little girls with his fiery red eyes and screamed, "What are you standing there for? Can't you come here and help me?"

"What has happened to you, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"Inquisitive, stupid goose!" answered the dwarf. "I wanted to split the tree for firewood for the kitchen. Big logs just burn the scraps of food we get—we don't gulp down as much as you great greedy folks! I drove a wedge in, and everything would have been all right, but the wood was too slippery, and the piece I wanted sprang out so suddenly that the split closed on my beautiful white beard, and I can't get it out! And you stupid milky-faced idiots just laugh! A nice pair, I must say!"

The instant the dwarf was free he grabbed a gold-filled sack which was lying amongst the roots of the tree, picked it up, and muttered:

"Nice manners! Cutting off a piece of my splendid beard! Bad luck to you!"

With that he swung the sack on to his back and went off without another word to the children.

One day soon after that Snow-White and Rose-Red thought they would catch some fish for dinner. As they walked towards the stream they saw something that looked like a big grasshopper, skipping about as if it meant to leap into the water. They ran up, and there was the dwarf again.

"Surely you don't want to get into the river?" said Rose-Red.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" screamed the dwarf. "Can't you see that this brute of a fish is trying to drag me in?"

The dwarf had sat down there to fish, but by bad luck the wind had tangled his beard with the fishing line; then, when a big fish took the bait, the dwarf had not the strength to pull him to the side.

The fish was winning the tug-of-war; the dwarf was being drawn nearer and nearer to the water's edge. He tried to hold on by every twig and stalk, but it was no good, and he was in great danger of going right in. The girls had come only just in time. They held him firmly, and tried to separate the beard from the fishing line, but it was in vain—beard and line were quite knotted together.

There was nothing for it but to bring out the scissors again and cut the beard, so another piece of it was gone.

When the dwarf saw what had happened, he screamed at them, "Is that a nice way to behave! You spiteful things, spoiling a person's looks! As if it wasn't enough to clip my beard, you've now taken off the best part of it. I shall be ashamed to show myself at home! I hope you'll have to run about with no soles to your shoes!"

Then, from amongst the rushes, he brought out a bag of pearls, and without another word disappeared with it behind a stone.

It happened that soon after that their mother sent the two girls to town to buy yarn, needles, laces and ribbons. Their way took them across a moor where here and there great

masses of rock were scattered. There they saw a big bird soaring in the air. It flew to and fro slowly, coming lower and lower, till at last it landed on the ground by a rock not far away. Just afterwards they heard a shrill cry of terror.

They ran to the place, and saw with horror that the bird, which was an eagle, had caught their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was going to carry him off. They were sorry for him, and taking hold of him, they kept hitting the eagle till it let go its prey.

As soon as the dwarf had got over his fear, he shouted with his screechy voice:

"Couldn't you have been a little less rough with me? You've hauled my fine coat about till it's all torn, clumsy good-for-nothings that you are!"

Then he picked up a sack full of jewels and slipped with it into a hole under the rock.

The girls were used to his manners, so they just went on into the town and did their shopping. When they were on their way home across the moor they surprised the dwarf again. He had spread out all his treasures on a clean open space, not thinking that anyone would be passing there so late. The light of the setting sun shone on the flashing, many-coloured gems, which sparkled so beautifully that the children stood still to admire them.

"What are you gaping at?" screamed the dwarf, and his ashy-grey face was as red as a tomato with fury. Scolding, he started to go away, but suddenly, with a roar, a black bear trotted out of the forest. Quick as he was, the dwarf had no time to get back into his hidey-hole in the rocks. In his terror, he cried, "Forgive me, good Mr Bear, and I will give you all my treasures! Just think, lovely jewels! Spare my life—I'm such a poor little fellow! You'd never even taste me—those two impudent girls are as plump as partridges. They'd make you a dainty meal! Eat them!"

The bear took no notice of his words, but gave the malicious creature one blow with his paw, and that was the end of him.

The girls were running away, but the bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, don't be afraid! Wait for me, and I'll come with you."

They recognized his voice and waited for him, and then suddenly, as he came up to them, his bear's skin fell off, and there stood a handsome young man, all clad in gold.

"I am the son of a king," he said. "That horrible dwarf, who stole my treasures, changed me into a bear, to run wild in the woods as long as he lived. Now he has had the punishment he deserved."

Snow-White married him and Rose-Red married his brother, and they shared the treasures which the dwarf had collected in his underground hole. The old mother lived for many a year in comfort and happiness with her children, but she took the two rose trees with her from the cottage garden and planted them near her window, and every year they bore lovely roses, white and red.

The Lady and the Lion

Once upon a time a merchant, who had three daughters, was setting out upon a journey, but before he went he asked each daughter what gift he should bring back for her. The eldest wished for pearls; the second for jewels; but the third said, "Dear father, bring me a rose." Now it was no easy task to find a rose, for it was the middle of winter; yet, as she was the fairest daughter, and was very fond of flowers, her father said he would try what he could do. So he kissed all three and bade them goodbye. And when the time came for his return, he had bought pearls and jewels for the two eldest, but he had sought everywhere in vain for the rose; and when he went into any garden and inquired for such a thing, the people laughed at him, and asked him whether he thought roses grew in snow. This grieved him very much, for his third daughter was his dearest child; and as he was journeying home, thinking what he should bring her, he came to a fine castle; and around the castle was a garden, in half of which it appeared to be summertime, and in the other half winter. On one side the finest flowers were in full bloom, and on the other everything looked desolate and buried in snow. "A lucky hit!" said he as he called to his servant, and told him to go to a beautiful bed of roses that was there, and bring him away one of the flowers. This done, they were riding away well pleased, when a fierce lion sprang up and roared, "Whoever dares to steal my roses shall be eaten up alive." Then the man said, "I knew not that the garden belonged to you. Can nothing save my life?"

"No!" said the lion. "Nothing, unless you promise to give me whatever meets you first on your return home. If you agree to this, I will give you your life, and the rose too for your daughter." But the man was most unwilling to do so, and said, "It may be my youngest daughter, who loves me most, and always runs to meet me when I go home." Then the servant was greatly frightened, and said, "It may perhaps be only a cat or a dog." And at last the man yielded with a heavy heart, and took the rose and promised the lion whatever should meet him first on his return.

And as he came near home, it was his youngest and dearest daughter that met him. She came running and kissed him, and welcomed him home; and when she saw that he had brought her the rose, she rejoiced still more. But her father began to be very melancholy, and to weep, saying, "Alas! My dearest child! I have bought this flower dear, for I have promised to give you to a wild lion, and when he has you, he will tear you in pieces, and eat you." And he told her all that had happened, and said she should not go, let what would happen.

But she comforted him and said, "Dear father, what you have promised must be fulfilled. I will go to the lion, and soothe him, that he may let me return again safely home."

The next morning she asked the way she was to go, and took leave of her father, and went forth with a bold heart into the wood. But the lion was an enchanted prince, and by day he and all his court were lions, but in the evening they took their proper forms again. And when the lady came to the castle, he welcomed her so courteously that she consented to marry him. The wedding feast was held, and they lived happily together a long time. The prince was only to be seen as soon as evening came, and then he held his court; but every morning he left his bride; and went away by himself, she knew not whither, till night came again.

After some time he said to her, "Tomorrow there will be a great feast in your father's house, for your eldest sister is to be married; and, if you wish to go to visit her, my lions shall lead you thither." Then she rejoiced much at the thought of seeing her father once more, and set out with the lions; and everyone was overjoyed to see her, for they had thought her dead long since. But she told them how happy she was, and stayed till the feast was over, and then went back to the wood.

Her second sister was soon after married, and when she was invited to the wedding, she said to the prince, "I will not go alone this time. You must go with me." But he would not, and said that would be a very hazardous thing, for if the least ray of the torchlight should fall upon him, his enchantment would become still worse, for he should be changed into a dove and be obliged to wander about the world for seven long years. However, she gave him no rest, and said she would take care no light should fall upon him. So at last they set out together and took with them their little child too; and she chose a large hall with thick walls for him to sit in while the wedding torches were lighted, but unluckily no one observed that there was a crack in the door. Then the wedding was held with great pomp, but as the train came from the church, and passed with the torches before the hall, a very small ray of light fell upon the prince. In a moment he disappeared, and when his wife came in and sought him, she found only a white dove. Then he said to her, "Seven years must I fly up and down over the face of the earth, but every now and then I will let fall a white feather, that shall show you the way I am going. Follow it, and at last you may overtake and set me free."

This said, he flew out at the door, and she followed; and every now and then a white feather fell and showed her the way she was to journey. Thus she went roving on through the wide world, and looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor took any rest for seven years. Then she began to re-

joice, and thought to herself that the time was fast coming when all her troubles should cease. Yet repose was still far off, for one day as she was travelling on she missed the white feather, and when she lifted up her eyes she could nowhere see the dove. "Now," thought she to herself, "no human aid can be of use to me." So she went to the sun and said, "Thou shinest everywhere, on the mountain's top, and the valley's depth. Hast thou anywhere seen a white dove?" "No," said the sun, "I have not seen it, but I will give thee a casket—open it when thine hour of need comes." So she thanked the sun and went on her way till eventide; and when the moon arose, she cried unto it, and said, "Thou shinest through all the night, over field and grove. Hast thou nowhere seen a white dove?" "No," said the moon, "I cannot help thee, but I will give thee an egg—break it when need comes." Then she thanked the moon and went on till the night wind blew; and she raised up her voice to it and said, "Thou blowest through every tree and under every leaf. Hast thou not seen the white dove?" "No," said the night wind, "but I will ask three other winds. Perhaps they have seen it." Then the east wind and the west wind came, and said they too had not seen it, but the south wind said, "I have seen the white dove. He has fled to the Red Sea and is changed once more into a lion, for the seven years are passed away; and there he is fighting with a dragon, and the dragon is an enchanted princess who seeks to separate him from you." Then the night wind said, "I will give thee counsel. Go to the Red Sea. On the right shore stand many rods. Number them, and when thou comest to the eleventh, break it off and smite the dragon with it; and so the lion will have the victory, and both of them will appear to you in their human forms. Then instantly set out with thy beloved prince, and journey home over sea and land."

So our poor wanderer went forth, and found all as the night wind had said; and she plucked the eleventh rod, and smote

the dragon, and immediately the lion became a prince and the dragon a princess again. But she forgot the counsel which the night wind had given, and the false princess watched her opportunity, and took the prince by the arm, and carried him away.

Thus the unfortunate traveller was again forsaken and forlorn, but she took courage and said, "As far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, I will journey on till I find him once again." She went on for a long, long way, till at length she came to the castle whither the princess had carried the prince; and there was a feast prepared, and she heard that the wedding was about to be held. "Heaven aid me now!" said she, and she took the casket that the sun had given her and found that within it lay a dress as dazzling as the sun itself. So she put it on, and went into the palace; and all the people gazed upon her, and the dress pleased the bride so much that she asked whether it was to be sold: "Not for gold and silver," answered she, "but for flesh and blood." The princess asked what she meant, and she said, "Let me speak with the bridegroom this night in his chamber, and I will give thee the dress." At last the princess agreed, but she told her chamberlain to give the prince a sleeping draught so that he might not hear nor see her. When evening came, and the prince had fallen asleep, she was led into his chamber, and she sat herself down at his feet and said, "I have followed thee seven years. I have been to the sun, the moon, and the night wind to seek thee, and at last I have helped thee to overcome the dragon. Wilt thou then forget me quite?" But the prince slept so soundly that her voice only passed over him and seemed like the murmuring of the wind among the fir trees.

Then she was led away and forced to give up the golden dress, and when she saw that there was no help for her, she went out into a meadow and sat herself down and wept. But as she sat she remembered the egg that the moon had given

her, and when she broke it, there ran out a hen and twelve chickens of pure gold, which played about and then nestled under the old one's wings so as to form the most beautiful sight in the world. And she rose up and drove them before her till the bride saw them from her window, and was so pleased that she came forth and asked her if she would sell the brood. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood. Let me again this evening speak with the bridegroom in his chamber."

Then the princess thought to betray her as before and agreed to what she asked, but when the prince went to his chamber, he asked the chamberlain why the wind had murmured so in the night. And the chamberlain told him all—how he had given him a sleeping draught, and a poor maiden had come and spoken to him in his chamber, and was to come again that night. Then the prince took care to throw away the sleeping draught, and when she came and began again to tell what woes had befallen her, and how faithful and true to him she had been, he knew his beloved wife's voice, and sprang up, and said, "You have awakened me as from a dream, for the strange princess had thrown a spell around me so that I had altogether forgotten you, but heaven hath sent you to me in a lucky hour."

And they stole away out of the palace by night secretly (for they feared the princess) and journeyed home; and there they found their child, now grown comely and fair, and lived happily together to the end of their days.

The Clever Tailor-Boy

Once upon a time there was a Princess who was terribly proud. If a young man came courting, she set him a riddle, and if he could not solve it, he was sent off with scorn. She let it be known that she would marry the man who could give the right answer, no matter who he was. Well, there were three tailors, of whom the two eldest thought that they were so good at working with fine stitches that they would be able to unpick any riddle. The third was a young scatter-brained good-for-nothing, who was little use at his work, yet he thought it must bring him luck, for if it didn't, where was his luck to come from?

The other two said to him, "Now, you stay at home. All you know won't carry you very far."

The tailor-boy wasn't going to be put off, however, and said he had set his heart on this affair, and went about it as if he owned the world.

So the three tailors presented themselves to the Princess and asked her to let them try the riddle; they were three people with such fine wit that you could thread a needle with it.

"I have two kinds of hair on my head," said the Princess. "What colours are they?"

"If that's all that's in it," said the first, "they are black and white, like the cloth known as pepper-and-salt."

"Wrong," said the Princess. "What does Number Two have to say?"

Then said the second tailor, "If they aren't black and white, they are brown and red, like my worthy father's best suit."

"Wrong," said the Princess. "Let the third answer. He seems to think he knows the answer, by the look of him."

Then the tailor-boy saucily stepped forward and said, "The Princess has a silver and a gold hair on her head, and these are the different colours."

When the Princess heard that, she turned pale and very nearly fell down in horror, for the tailor-boy had solved the riddle which she thought nobody in the world could have answered.

As soon as she had collected her wits she said, "You haven't won me just with that. You've something else to do. Down below in the stable there is a bear, and you've got to spend the night with him. If you're alive when I get up in the morning, then I'll marry you."

She thought, of course, that this was a way of getting rid of the tailor-boy, for nobody ever escaped when once the bear got his paws on him.

The little tailor didn't allow himself to be frightened, but said quite cheerfully, "Well begun is half done."

When the evening came, our tailor-boy was taken down to the bear. The bear was ready to welcome him with his claws and wanted to set about him at once.

"Gently, gently," said the tailor-boy, "I'll soon quieten you."

Just as if he felt quite at his ease, he took some nuts from his pocket, cracked them with his teeth, and ate the kernels. When the bear saw that, he thought he would like some nuts too. The tailor-boy gave him a handful, but what he gave the bear were really pebbles. The bear put them into his mouth, but though he bit with all his strength he could do nothing with them.

"Wow!" he thought, "I'm not much use if I can't bite open a nut," and he said to the tailor-boy, "You crack them for me."

"You see what a stupid you are," said the tailor-boy, "with a big mouth like that, and yet you can't crack these little nuts."

Then he took a pebble and pretended to put it into his mouth, but of course put a nut instead; one crack, and the shell was broken.

"I must try again," said the bear. "Now I've seen it done I can surely do it too."

So the tailor-boy gave him some more pebbles, and the bear did his best to break them, but you can guess whether he succeeded.

The next thing the tailor-boy did was to bring out the fiddle he had under his cloak and to play a little piece on it. The bear liked the music. He couldn't keep from dancing, and he was so happy that he said to the tailor-boy:

"Listen; is it hard to play the fiddle?"

"Child's play. Look here. I put the little finger of my left hand here, and with my right hand I draw the bow up and down like this, and there you are!"

"I should like to be able to play like that," said the bear, "and then I could dance whenever I wanted to. What do you say—will you teach me?"

"I'd love to," said the tailor-boy, "if you've got a knack for it. But just look at your claws; they're terribly long; I shall have to cut your nails for you."

A pair of stocks was lying in the stable, and when the bear had laid his paws in them, the tailor-boy screwed them down tight and said, "Now just wait till I have got my scissors." And then, taking no notice of the bear's noise, he lay down on a bundle of straw in the corner and went to sleep.

The Princess, when she heard how the bear was roaring, thought nothing else than that it was for enjoyment, and that he had finished off the little tailor. She got up in the morning quite content, but when she went to visit the stable, there was the tailor-boy without a scratch and as merry as a cricket.

She couldn't go back on her promise, which everybody had heard, so the King sent for a coach in which she should ride to church for her wedding with the tailor-boy.

When they had set off, the other two tailors, who were sneaks and envied the luck of their companion, went to the stable and let the bear loose, and, full of fury, he ran after the coach.

The Princess heard him snuffling and growling, and cried out in terror, "Oh, the bear's after us! He'll get you!"

But the tailor-boy was ready for him. He stood on his head, put his legs straight out of the coach-window, and shouted, "Do you see the stocks? If you don't go away, you'll find yourself in them again!"

When the bear saw what was sticking out of the coach window, he turned and ran!

Our tailor-boy drove in peace to the church; the Princess gave him her hand; and they lived together as happy as larks.

Anybody who doesn't believe this story will pay a penny!

The Golden Goose

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling, and was on all occasions despised and ill-treated by the whole family. It happened that the eldest took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel, and his mother gave him a delicious pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him so that he might refresh himself at his work. As he went into the wood, a little old man bade him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle. I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine! No, I thank you. I should not have enough left for myself." And away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree, but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was obliged to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man who caused him this mischief.

Next the second son went out to work, and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever you get, I shall lose, so go your way!" The little man took care that he should have his reward, and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree hit him on the leg, so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father answered, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves. You had better stay at home, for you know

nothing of the business." But Dummling was very pressing, and at last his father said, "Go your way. You will be wiser when you have suffered for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread and a bottle of sour beer, but when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer. If that will suit you, we will sit down and eat it together." So they sat down, and when the lad pulled out his bread behold it was turned into a capital pasty, and his sour beer became delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily, and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree. Cut it down and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

Dummling set to work and cut down the tree, and when it fell, he found in a hollow under the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up and went on to an inn, where he proposed to sleep for the night. The landlord had three daughters, and when they saw the goose, they were very curious to examine what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till his back was turned, and then seized the goose by the wing, but to her great surprise there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Presently, in came the second sister and thought to have a feather too, but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and wanted a feather, but the other two cried out, "Keep away! For heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them, but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck

fast, and hung to the goose as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night.

The next morning Dummling carried off the goose under his arm, and took no notice of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he travelled, they too were obliged to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them, and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields? Is that proper behaviour?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away, but the moment he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train. Presently up came the clerk, and when he saw his master the parson running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Hollo! hollo! Your reverence! Whither so fast? There is a christening today." Then he ran up, and took him by the gown, and in a moment he was fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from work, and the parson cried out to them to set him free. But scarcely had they touched him, when they too fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and serious a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh, and the king had proclaimed to all the world that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train, and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running about treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife. The wedding was celebrated, and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

Hansel and Grettel

One day, taking his sister Grettel by the hand, Hansel said, "Since our poor mother died we have had no happy days, for our new mother beats us all day long, and when we go near her, she pushes us away. We have nothing but hard crusts to eat, and the little dog that lies by the fire is better off than we, for he sometimes has a nice piece of meat thrown to him. Heaven have mercy upon us! Oh, if our poor mother knew how we are used! Come, we will go and travel over the wide world." They went the whole day walking over the fields, till in the evening they came to a great wood, and then they were so tired and hungry that they sat down in a hollow tree and went to sleep.

In the morning when they awoke, the sun had risen high above the trees, and shone warm upon the hollow tree. Then Hansel said, "Sister, I am very thirsty. If I could find a brook, I would go and drink, and fetch you some water too. Listen, I think I hear the sound of one." Then Hansel rose up and took Grettel by the hand and went in search of the brook. But their cruel stepmother was a fairy, and had followed them into the wood to work them mischief, and when they had found a brook that ran sparkling over the pebbles, Hansel wanted to drink, but Grettel thought she heard the brook, as it babbled along, say, "Whoever drinks here will be turned into a tiger." Then she cried out, "Ah, brother! Do not drink or you will be turned into a wild beast and tear me to pieces." Then Hansel yielded, although he was parched with thirst. "I will wait," said he, "for the next brook." But when they came to the next, Grettel

listened again and thought she heard, "Whoever drinks here will become a wolf." Then she cried out, "Brother, brother, do not drink or you will become a wolf and eat me." So he did not drink, but said, "I will wait for the next brook. There I must drink, say what you will, I am so thirsty."

As they came to the third brook, Grettel listened, and heard, "Whoever drinks here will become a fawn." "Ah, brother!" said she. "Do not drink or you will be turned into a fawn and run away from me." But Hansel had already stooped down upon his knees, and the moment he put his lips into the water he was turned into a fawn.

Grettel wept bitterly over the poor creature, and the tears too rolled down his eyes as he laid himself beside her. Then she said, "Rest in peace, dear fawn. I will never, never leave thee." So she took off her golden necklace and put it round his neck, and plucked some rushes and plaited them into a soft string to fasten to it; and led the poor little thing by her side farther into the wood.

After they had travelled a long way, they came at last to a little cottage; and Grettel, having looked in and seen that it was quite empty, thought to herself, "We can stay and live here." Then she went and gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn; and every morning she went out and plucked nuts, roots, and berries for herself, and sweet shrubs and tender grass for her companion; and it ate out of her hand, and was pleased, and played and frisked about her. In the evening, when Grettel was tired and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the fawn for her pillow and slept; and if poor Hansel could but have his right form again, they thought they should lead a very happy life.

They lived thus a long while in the wood by themselves, till it chanced that the king of that country came to hold a great hunt there. And when the fawn heard all around the echoing of the horns and the baying of the dogs, and the merry

shouts of the huntsmen, he wished very much to go and see what was going on. "Ah, sister, sister!" said he. "Let me go out into the wood, I can stay no longer." And he begged so long that she at last agreed to let him go. "But," said she, "be sure to come to me in the evening. I shall shut up the door to keep out those wild huntsmen, and if you tap at it and say, 'Sister, let me in', I shall know you, but if you don't speak, I shall keep the door fast." Then away sprang the fawn, and frisked and bounded along in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature, and followed but could not overtake him; for when they thought they were sure of their prize, he sprang over the bushes and was out of sight in a moment.

As it grew dark he came running home to the hut, and tapped and said, "Sister, sister, let me in." Then she opened the little door, and in he jumped and slept soundly all night on his soft bed.

Next morning the hunt began again, and when he heard the huntsmen's horns, he said, "Sister, open the door for me, I must go again." Then she let him out and said, "Come back in the evening, and remember what you are to say." When the king and the huntsmen saw the fawn with the golden collar again, they gave him chase, but he was too quick for them. The chase lasted the whole day, but at last the huntsmen nearly surrounded him, and one of them wounded him in the foot so that he became sadly lame and could hardly crawl home. The man who had wounded him followed close behind, and hid himself, and heard the little fawn say, "Sister, sister, let me in." Upon which, the door opened and soon shut again. The huntsman marked all well, and went to the king and told him what he had seen and heard. Then the king said, "Tomorrow we will have another chase."

Grettel was very much frightened when she saw that her dear little fawn was wounded, but she washed the blood away

and put some healing herbs on it, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, and you will soon be well again." The wound was so small that in the morning there was nothing to be seen of it, and when the horn blew, the little creature said, "I can't stay here. I must go and look on. I will take care that none of them shall catch me." But Grettel said, "I am sure they will kill you this time. I will not let you go." "I shall die of vexation," answered he, "if you keep me here. When I hear the horns, I feel as if I could fly." Then Grettel was forced to let him go, so she opened the door with a heavy heart, and he bounded out gaily into the wood.

When the king saw him he said to his huntsmen, "Now chase him all day long till you catch him, but let none of you do him any harm." The sun set, however, without their being able to overtake him, and the king called away the huntsmen and said to the one who had watched, "Now come and show me the little hut." So they went to the door and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in." Then the door opened, and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen. Grettel was frightened to see that it was not her fawn, but a king with a golden crown that was come into her hut. However, he spoke kindly to her, and took her hand and said, "Will you come with me to my castle and be my wife?" "Yes," said the maiden, "but my fawn must go with me. I cannot part with that." "Well," said the king, "he shall come and live with you all your life, and want for nothing." Just at that moment in sprang the little fawn, and his sister tied the string to his neck, and they left the hut in the wood together.

Then the king took Grettel to his palace, and celebrated the marriage in great state. And she told the king all her story, and he sent for the fairy and punished her; and the fawn was changed into Hansel again, and he and his sister loved one another, and lived happily together all their days.

The Goose-Girl

An old queen, whose husband had been dead some years, had a beautiful daughter. When she grew up, she was betrothed to a prince who lived a great way off, and, as the time drew near for her to be married, she got ready to set off on her journey to his country. Then the queen, her mother, packed up a great many costly things—jewels, and gold, and silver; trinkets, fine dresses, and, in short, everything that became a royal bride; for she loved her child very dearly. And she gave her a waiting-maid to ride with her and give her into the bridegroom's hands; and each had a horse for the journey. Now the princess's horse was called Falada, and could speak.

When the time came for them to set out, the old queen went into her bedchamber, and took a little knife, and cut off a lock of her hair and gave it to her daughter, and said, "Take care of it, dear child, for it is a charm that may be of use to you on the road." Then they took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the princess put the lock of her mother's hair into her bosom, got upon her horse, and set off on her journey to her bridegroom's kingdom. One day, as they were riding along by the side of a brook, the princess began to feel very thirsty, and said to her maid; "Pray get down and fetch me some water in my golden cup out of yonder brook, for I want to drink." "Nay," said the maid, "if you are thirsty, get down yourself and lie down by the water and drink; I shall not be your waiting maid any longer." Then she was so thirsty that she got down and knelt over the little brook and drank, for she was

frightened and dared not bring out her golden cup; and then she wept, and said, "Alas! What will become of me?" And the lock of hair answered her, and said:

"Alas! Alas! If thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it."

But the princess was very humble and meek, so she said nothing to her maid's ill behaviour, but got upon her horse again.

Then all rode farther on their journey, till the day grew so warm and the sun so scorching that the bride began to feel very thirsty again. And at last when they came to a river she forgot her maid's rude speech and said, "Pray get down and fetch me some water to drink in my golden cup." But the maid answered her, and even spoke more haughtily than before, "Drink if you will, but I shall not be your waiting maid." Then the princess was so thirsty that she got off her horse and lay down, and held her head over the running stream, and cried and said, "What will become of me?" And the lock of hair answered her again,

"Alas! Alas! If thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it."

And as she leaned down to drink, the lock of hair fell from her bosom and floated away with the water, without her seeing it. She was so frightened. But her maid saw it and was very glad, for she knew the charm and saw that the poor bride would be in her power, now that she had lost the hair. So when the bride had done, and would have got upon Falada again, the maid said, "I shall ride upon Falada, and you may have my horse instead." So she was forced to give up her horse, and soon afterwards to take off her royal clothes and put on her maid's shabby ones.

At last, as they drew near the end of their journey, this treach-

erous servant threatened to kill her mistress if she ever told anyone what had happened. But Falada saw it all, and marked it well. Then the waiting maid got upon Falada, and the real bride was set upon the other horse, and they went on in this way till at last they came to the royal court. There was great joy at their coming, and the prince flew to meet them and lifted the maid from her horse, thinking she was the one who was to be his wife; and she was led upstairs to the royal chamber, but the true princess was told to stay in the court below.

But the old king happened to be looking out of the window and saw her in the yard below, and as she looked very pretty, and too delicate for a waiting maid, he went into the royal chamber to ask the bride who it was she had brought with her, who was thus left standing in the court below. "I brought her with me for the sake of her company on the road," said she. "Pray give the girl some work to do, that she may not be idle." The old king could not for some time think of any work for her to do, but at last he said, "I have a lad who takes care of my geese. She may go and help him." Now the name of this lad, that the real bride was to help in watching the king's geese, was Curdken.

Soon after, the false bride said to the prince, "Dear husband, pray do me one piece of kindness." "That I will," said the prince. "Then tell one of your slaughterers to cut off the head of the horse I rode upon, for it was very unruly and plagued me sadly on the road." But the truth was, she was very much afraid lest Falada should speak and tell all she had done to the princess. She carried her point, and the faithful Falada was killed, but when the true princess heard of it, she wept and begged the man to nail up Falada's head against a large dark gate in the city through which she had to pass every morning and evening, that there she might still see him sometimes. Then the slaughterer said he would do as she wished; he cut off the head and nailed it fast under the dark gate.

Early the next morning, as she and Curdken went out through the gate, she said sorrowfully:

"Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!"

and the head answered,

"Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!
Alas! Alas! If thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it."

Then they went out of the city and drove the geese on. And when she came to the meadow, she sat down upon a bank there and let down her waving locks of hair, which were all of pure silver, and when Curdken saw it glitter in the sun, he ran up and would have pulled some of the locks out, but she cried:

"Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the silvery locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!"

Then there came a wind so strong that it blew off Curdken's hat, and away it flew over the hills, and he after it, till, by the time he came back, she had done combing and curling her hair and put it up again safe. Then he was very angry and sulky, and would not speak to her at all, but they watched the geese until it grew dark in the evening and then drove them homewards.

The next morning, as they were going through the dark gate, the poor girl looked up at Falada's head, and cried:

"Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!"

and it answered:

“Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!
Alas! Alas! If thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it.”

Then she drove on the geese and sat down again in the meadow, and began to comb out her hair as before, and Curdken ran up to her and wanted to take hold of it, but she cried out quickly:

“Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken’s hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O’er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl’d,
Till the silvery locks
Are all comb’d and curl’d!”

Then the wind came and blew his hat, and off it flew a great way, over the hills and far away, so that he had to run after it, and when he came back, she had done up her hair again and all was safe. So they watched the geese till it grew dark.

In the evening, after they came home, Curdken went to the old king and said, “I cannot have that strange girl to help me to keep the geese any longer.” “Why?” said the king. “Because she does nothing but tease me all day long.” Then the king made him tell all that had passed. And Curdken said, “When we go in the morning through the dark gate with our flock of geese, she weeps and talks with the head of a horse that hangs upcn the wall, and says,

“‘Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!’

“and the head answers:

“‘Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!’

Alas! Alas! If thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it.' "

And Curdken went on telling the king what had happened upon the meadow where the geese fed, and how his hat was blown away and he was forced to run after it and leave his flock. But the old king told him to go out again as usual the next day, and when morning came, he placed himself behind the dark gate and heard how she spoke to Falada, and how Falada answered; and then he went into the field and hid himself in a bush by the meadow's side, and soon saw with his own eyes how they drove the flock of geese, and how, after a little time, she let down her hair that glittered in the sun, and then he heard her say,

"Blow breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the silvery locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!"

And soon came a gale of wind and carried away Curdken's hat, while the girl went on combing and curling her hair. All this the old king saw, so he went home without being seen, and when the little goose-girl came back in the evening, he called her aside and asked her why she did so, but she burst into tears and said, "That I must not tell you or any man, or I shall lose my life."

But the old king begged so hard that she had no peace till she had told him all, word for word; and it was very lucky for her that she did so, for the king ordered royal clothes to be put upon her and gazed on her with wonder, she was so beautiful. Then he called his son and told him that he had only the

false bride, for that she was merely a waiting maid, while the true one stood by. And the young king rejoiced when he saw her beauty, and heard how meek and patient she had been; and without saying anything, ordered a great feast to be got ready for all his court. The bridegroom sat at the top, with the false princess on one side and the true one on the other; but nobody knew her, for she was quite dazzling to their eyes, and was not at all like the little goose-girl now that she had her brilliant dress.

When they had eaten and drunk, and were very merry, the old king told all the story, as one that he had once heard of, and asked the true waiting maid what she thought ought to be done to anyone who would behave thus. "Nothing better," said the false bride, "than that she should be thrown into a cask stuck round with sharp nails, and that two white horses should be put to it, and should drag it from street to street till she is dead." "Thou art she!" said the old king, "and since thou hast judged thyself, it shall be so done to thee." And the young king was married to his true wife, and they reigned over the kingdom in peace and happiness all their lives.

Faithful John

An old king fell sick, and when he found his end drawing near he said, "Let Faithful John come to me." Now Faithful John was the servant that he was fondest of, and was so called because he had been true to his master all his life long. Then when he came to the bedside, the king said, "My faithful John, I feel that my end draws nigh, and I have now no cares save for my son, who is still young and stands in need of good counsel. I have no friend to leave him but you. If you do not pledge yourself to teach him all he should know and to be a father to him, I shall not shut my eyes in peace." Then John said, "I will never leave him, but will serve him faithfully, even though it should cost me my life." And the king said, "I shall now die in peace. After my death, show him the whole palace: all the rooms and vaults, and all the treasures and stores which lie there, but take care how you show him one room—I mean the one where hangs the picture of the daughter of the king of the golden roof. If he sees it, he will fall deeply in love with her and will then be plunged into great dangers on her account. Guard him in this peril." And when Faithful John had once more pledged his word to the old king, he laid his head on his pillow and died in peace.

Now when the old king had been carried to his grave, Faithful John told the young king what had passed upon his death-bed and said, "I will keep my word truly and be faithful to you as I was always to your father, though it should cost me my life." And the young king wept and said, "Neither will I ever forget your faithfulness."

The days of mourning passed away, and then Faithful John said to his master, "It is now time that you should see your heritage. I will show you your father's palace." Then he led him about everywhere, up and down, and let him see all the riches and all the costly rooms. Only one room, where the picture stood, he did not open. Now the picture was so placed that the moment the door opened you could see it, and it was so beautifully done that one would think it breathed and had life, and that there was nothing more lovely in the whole world. When the young king saw that Faithful John always went by this door, he said, "Why do you not open that room?" "There is something inside," he answered, "which would frighten you." But the king said, "I have seen the whole palace, and I must also know what is in there;" and he went and began to force open the door, but Faithful John held him back and said, "I gave my word to your father before his death that I would take heed how I showed you what stands in that room, lest it should lead you and me into great trouble." "The greatest trouble to me," said the young king, "will be not to go in and see the room. I shall have no peace by day or by night until I do, so I shall not go hence until you open it."

Then Faithful John saw that with all he could do or say the young king would have his way, so, with a heavy heart and many foreboding sighs, he sought for the key out of his great bunch, and he opened the door of the room and entered in first, so as to stand between the king and the picture, hoping he might not see it, but he raised himself upon tiptoes and looked over John's shoulders, and as soon as he saw the likeness of the lady, so beautiful and shining with gold, he fell down upon the floor senseless. Then Faithful John lifted him up in his arms and carried him to his bed, and was full of care, and thought to himself, "This trouble has come upon us; Oh Heaven! What will come of it?"

At last the king came to himself again, but the first thing

that he said was, "Whose is that beautiful picture?" "It is the picture of the daughter of the king of the golden roof," said Faithful John. But the king went on, saying, "My love towards her is so great that if all the leaves on the trees were tongues they could not speak it. I care not to risk my life to win her. You are my faithful friend, you must aid me."

Then John thought for a long time what was now to be done, and at length said to the king, "All that she has about her is of gold. The tables, stools, cups, dishes, and all the things in her house are of gold, and she is always seeking new treasures. Now in your stores there is much gold. Let it be worked up into every kind of vessel, and into all sorts of birds, wild beasts, and wonderful animals, Then we will take it and try our fortune." So the king ordered all the goldsmiths to be sought for, and they worked day and night until at last the most beautiful things were made; and Faithful John had a ship loaded with them, and put on a merchant's dress, and the king did the same, that they might not be known.

When all was ready they put out to sea, and sailed till they came to the coast of the land where the king of the golden roof reigned. Faithful John told the king to stay in the ship and wait for him, "for perhaps," said he, "I may be able to bring away the king's daughter with me. Therefore take care that everything be in order. Let the golden vessels and ornaments be brought forth, and the whole ship be decked out with them." And he chose out something of each of the golden things to put into his basket, and got ashore, and went towards the king's palace. And when he came to the castleyard, there stood by the well-side a beautiful maiden, who had two golden pails in her hand, drawing water. And as she drew up the water, which was glittering with gold, she turned herself round, and saw the stranger and asked him who he was. Then he drew near and said, "I am a merchant," and opened his basket and let her look into it; and she cried, "Oh! What beau-

tiful things!" and set down her pails and looked at one after the other. Then she said, "The king's daughter must see all these. She is so fond of such things that she will buy all of you." So she took him by the hand and led him in, for she was one of the waiting maids of the daughter of the king.

When the princess saw the wares, she was greatly pleased and said, "They are so beautiful that I will buy them all." But Faithful John said, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant. What I have here is nothing to what he has lying in yonder ship. There he has the finest and most costly things that ever were made in gold." The princess wanted to have them all brought ashore, but he said, "That would take up many days; there are such a number, and more rooms would be wanted to place them in than there are in the greatest house." But her wish to see them grew still greater, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship. I will go myself and look at your master's wares."

Then Faithful John led her joyfully to the ship, and the king, when he saw her, thought that his heart would leap out of his breast, and it was with the greatest trouble that he kept himself still. So she got into the ship, and the king led her down, but Faithful John stayed behind with the steersman and ordered the ship to put off: "Spread all your sail," cried he, "that she may fly over the waves like a bird through the air."

And the king showed the princess the golden wares, each one singly—the dishes, cups, basins, and the wild and wonderful beasts; so that many hours flew away, and she looked at everything with delight and was not aware that the ship was sailing away. And after she had looked at the last, she thanked the merchant and said she would go home, but when she came upon the deck she saw that the ship was sailing far away from land upon deep sea, and that it flew along at full sail. "Alas!" she cried out in her fright, "I am betrayed. I am carried off and have fallen into the power of a roving trader. I

would sooner have died." But then the king took her by the hand and said, "I am not a merchant. I am a king, and of as noble birth as you. I have taken you away by stealth, but I did so because of the very great love I have for you; for the first time that I saw your face, I fell on the ground in a swoon." When the daughter of the king of the golden roof heard all, she was comforted, and her heart soon turned towards him, and she was willing to become his wife.

But it so happened that while they were sailing on the deep sea Faithful John, as he sat on the prow of the ship playing on his flute, saw three ravens flying in the air towards him. Then he left off playing and listened to what they said to each other, for he understood their tongue. The first said, "There he goes! He is bearing away the daughter of the king of the golden roof. Let him go!" "Nay," said the second, "There he goes, but he has not got her yet." And the third said, "There he goes. He surely has her, for she is sitting by his side in the ship." Then the first began again and cried out, "What boots it to him? See you not that when they come to land a horse of a foxy-red colour will spring towards him, and then he will try to get upon it, and if he does, it will spring away with him into the air so that he will never see his love again." "True! true!" said the second, "but is there no help?" "Oh! Yes, yes!" said the first. "If he who sits upon the horse takes the dagger which is stuck in the saddle and strikes him dead, the young king is saved, but who knows that? And who will tell him that he who thus saves the king's life will turn to stone from the toes of his feet to his knee?" Then the second said, "True! True! But I know more still—though the horse be dead, the king loses his bride. When they go together into the palace, there lies the bridal dress on the couch and looks as if it were woven of gold and silver, but it is all brimstone and pitch, and if he puts it on it will burn him, marrow and bones." "Alas! Alas! Is there no help?" said the third. "Oh! Yes, yes!" said

the second. "If someone draws near and throws it into the fire, the young king will be saved. But what boots that? Who knows and will tell him that if he does, his body from the knee to the heart will be turned to stone?" "More! More! I know more," said the third. "Were the dress burnt, still the king loses his bride. After the wedding, when the dance begins and the young queen dances on, she will turn pale and fall as though she were dead, and if someone does not draw near and lift her up and take from her right breast three drops of blood, she will surely die. But if anyone knew this, he would tell him, that if he does do so, his body will turn to stone, from the crown of his head to the tip of his toe."

Then the ravens flapped their wings and flew on, but Faithful John, who had understood it all, from that time was sorrowful and did not tell his master what he had heard for he saw that if he told him he must himself lay down his life to save him. At last he said to himself, "I will be faithful to my word and save my master, if it costs me my life."

Now when they came to land, it happened just as the ravens had foretold; for there sprang out a fine foxy-red horse. "See," said the king, "he shall bear me to my palace," and he tried to mount but Faithful John leaped before him and swung himself quickly upon it, drew the dagger, and smote the horse dead. Then the other servants of the king, who were jealous of Faithful John, cried out, "What a shame to kill the fine beast that was to take the king to his palace!" But the king said, "Let him alone. It is my Faithful John. Who knows but he did it for some good end?"

Then they went on to the castle, and there stood a couch in one room, and a fine dress lay upon it, that shone with gold and silver; and the young king went up to it to take hold of it, but Faithful John cast it on the fire and burnt it. And the other servants began again to grumble, and said, "See, now he is burning the wedding dress." But the king said, "Who knows

what he does it for? Let him alone! He is my faithful servant John."

Then the wedding feast was held, and the dance began, and the bride also came in, but Faithful John took good heed and looked in her face, and all of a sudden she turned pale and fell as though she were dead upon the ground. But he sprang towards her quickly, lifted her up, and took her and laid her upon a couch, and drew three drops of blood from her right breast. And she breathed again, and came to herself. But the young king had seen all, and did not know why Faithful John had done it, so he was angry at his boldness and said, "Throw him into prison."

The next morning Faithful John was led forth, and stood upon the gallows, and said, "May I speak out before I die?" And when the king answered, "It shall be granted thee," he said, "I am wrongly judged, for I have always been faithful and true," and then he told what he had heard the ravens say upon the sea, and how he meant to save his master, and had therefore done all these things.

When he had told all, the king called out, "O my most Faithful John! Pardon! Pardon! Take him down!" But Faithful John had fallen down lifeless at the last word he spoke, and lay as a stone; and the king and the queen mourned over him, and the king said, "Oh, how ill have I rewarded thy truth!" And he ordered the stone figure to be taken up and placed in his own room near to his bed, and as often as he looked at it he wept and said, "Oh, that I could bring thee back to life again, my Faithful John!"

After a time, the queen had two little sons, who grew up and were her great joy. One day, when she was at church, the two children stayed with their father, and as they played about, he looked at the stone figure and sighed and cried out, "Oh, that I could bring thee back to life, my Faithful John!" Then the stone began to speak, and said, "Oh, king! Thou canst

bring me back to life if thou wilt give up for my sake what is dearest to thee." But the king said, "All that I have in the world would I give up for thee." "Then," said the stone, "cut off the heads of thy children, sprinkle their blood over me, and I shall live again." Then the king was greatly shocked, but he thought how Faithful John had died for his sake, and because of his great truth towards him; and he rose up and drew his sword to cut off his children's heads and sprinkle the stone with their blood; but the moment he drew his sword Faithful John was alive again, and stood before his face and said, "Your truth is rewarded." And the children sprang about and played as if nothing had happened.

Then the king was full of joy, and when he saw the queen coming, to try her he put Faithful John and the two children in a large closet, and when she came in he said to her, "Have you been at church?" "Yes," said she, "but I could not help thinking of Faithful John, who was so true to us." "Dear wife," said the king, "we can bring him back to life again, but it will cost us both of our little sons, and we must give them up for his sake." When the queen heard this, she turned pale and was frightened in her heart, but she said, "Let it be so. We owe him all, for his great faith and truth." Then he rejoiced because she thought as he had thought, and went in and opened the closet, and brought out the children and Faithful John, and said, "Heaven be praised! He is ours again, and we have our sons safe too. So he told her the whole story; and all lived happily together the rest of their lives.

Rumpelstiltskin

Once upon a time there lived in a certain kingdom a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, exceedingly shrewd and clever, and the miller was so vain and proud of her that he one day told the king of the land that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money, and when he heard the miller's boast, his avarice was excited, and he ordered the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a spinning wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you value your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden declared that she could do no such thing. The chamber was locked, and she remained alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room and began to lament over her hard fate when all of a sudden the door opened, and a funny-looking little man hobbled in, and said "Good morrow to you, my good lass. What are you weeping for?" "Alas!" answered she. "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and set himself down to the wheel; round about it went merrily, and presently the work was done and the gold all spun.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased, but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a

fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," replied she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel, till by the morning all was finished again.

The king was vastly delighted to see all this glittering treasure, but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room, and said, "All this must be spun tonight; and if you succeed, you shall be my queen." As soon as she was alone, the dwarf came in and said, "What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?" "I have nothing left," said she. "Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen." "That may never be," thought the miller's daughter, but as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised him what he asked, and he spun once more the whole heap of gold. The king came in the morning and, finding all he wanted, married her, and so the miller's daughter really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child the queen rejoiced very much, and forgot the little man and her promise; but one day he came into her chamber and reminded her of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom in exchange; but in vain, till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard, and dispatched messengers all over the land to inquire after new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said, "That's not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she

could hear of, Bandy-legs, Hunch-back, Crook-shanks, and so on, but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "That's not my name."

The third day came back one of the messengers, and said, "I can hear of no one other name; but yesterday as I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, I saw a little hut, and before the hut burnt a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg, and sang:

" 'Merrily the feast I'll make,
Today I'll brew, tomorrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring:
Little does my lady dream
Rumpelstiltskin is my name!' "

When the queen heard this, she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little visitor came, and said, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it John?" asked she. "No!" "Is it Tom?" "No!"

"Can your name be Rumpelstiltskin?"

"Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all this trouble for nothing.

One-Eye, Two-Eyes and Three-Eyes

Once upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called One-Eye, because she just had a single eye in the middle of her forehead; the middle one was called Two-Eyes, because she had two eyes; and the youngest Three-Eyes, because she had three. Just because Two-Eyes was like other people, her sisters and her mother didn't like her. They said to her, "You with your two eyes look as ugly as quite common people; you're not really one of us," and were unkind to her, and threw her ragged old clothes to wear, and gave her only scraps to eat.

They treated her as badly as they could. She had to take the goat out into the fields to graze, though she was always hungry. One day as she sat on a grassy bank she began to cry, and she cried so that the tears ran down her face like two little streams. When by and by she looked up, she saw near her a woman, who said:

"Little Two-Eyes, why are you crying?"

Two-Eyes answered, "Haven't I plenty to cry for? Just because I have two eyes like other people, my sisters and my mother don't like me, and they treat me unkindly, and throw me rags to wear, and give me only scraps to eat. Today I've eaten so little that I'm as hungry as can be."

Then the woman, who was a witch, said, "Two-Eyes, dry your eyes. I'll tell you something, and you need never be hungry again. Just say to your goat:

“ ‘Little goat, bleat!
I want something to eat,’

“and you will see before you a little table, covered with a clean cloth and set with the nicest meal you could wish for. When you’ve had all you want, and don’t need the table any more, then say:

“ ‘Little goat, bleat!
I’ve had plenty to eat,’

“and it will vanish.”

With that the witch went away.

Two-Eyes thought, “I must see if what she told me is true, for I’m dreadfully hungry;” so she said:

“ ‘Little goat, bleat!
I want something to eat.”

Hardly had she spoken the words, when lo and behold! There stood a little table, with a white tablecloth, and on the cloth knife and fork and spoon, with all sorts of lovely things to eat, as warm as if they had come straight from the oven.

Then little Two-Eyes said the shortest grace she knew, and set to, and had just the sort of meal she liked best.

When she had had enough, she said, as the witch had taught her:

“ ‘Little goat, bleat!
I’ve had plenty to eat,”

and at that the table and everything on it disappeared.

“This is lovely housekeeping!” thought Two-Eyes, now very contented and happy.

In the evening, when she went home with the goat, she didn’t touch the rough bowl of food her sisters had left for her, and next day, when she went out with the goat again, she left behind the few odds and ends they spared for her. The first time

and the second time her sisters didn't notice, but when it kept on happening, they did, and said, "There's something strange about Two-Eyes. She's not touching her food, yet she used to eat every crumb. She must be having meals somewhere else."

To find out the truth, they planned that One-Eye should go with Two-Eyes out to the meadows to watch what happened, and to see if someone brought her food.

So when Two-Eyes was driving out the goat, One-Eye came to her and said, "I'm coming with you to see that the goat is properly looked after and taken to the best grazing." Two-Eyes guessed what this meant, and she drove the goat into the long grass and said, "Come, One-Eye, let's sit down here and I'll sing you something."

So One-Eye, who was sleepy after walking so far in the hot sunshine, sat down, and as Two-Eyes kept on singing:

"One-Eye, are you peeping?
One-Eye, are you sleeping?"

she closed her eye and fell fast asleep.

When Two-Eyes saw that One-Eye was sound asleep and could not do any spying, she said:

"Little goat, bleat!
I want something to eat,"

and sat down to eat and drink all she wanted. Then she cried again:

"Little goat, bleat!
I've had plenty to eat,"

and away it all went. Then she woke One-Eye, and said, "I thought you were going to look after the goat, One-Eye? But you went to sleep, and it might have strayed anywhere. Come, we'll go home."

So home they went, and again Two-Eyes left her little bowl

of food untouched, and One-Eye could not tell her mother why she had not eaten it. "I fell asleep," was all she could say.

Next day the mother said to Three-Eyes, "You go and see what Two-Eyes is up to, and if somebody brings her food, for she must be eating in secret."

So Three-Eyes went to Two-Eyes and said, "I'll come with you and see if the goat is taken care of and properly fed."

Two-Eyes guessed what was in her mind, and again she drove the goat into the longest grass, and said, "We'll sit down here and I'll sing to you." Three-Eyes was tired after the long walk in the sun, and again Two-Eyes started a little song:

"Three-Eyes, are you peeping?"

but instead of going on, as she should have done:

"Three-Eyes, are you sleeping?"

she thoughtlessly sang:

"Two-Eyes, are you sleeping?"

and kept on:

"Three-Eyes, are you peeping?"

Two-Eyes, are you sleeping?"

So two of Three-Eyes' three eyes closed and slept, but the third, which was not under the spell, stayed awake. Cunningly, Three-Eyes pretended to close it, but she kept taking glances, and saw all that happened.

When Two-Eyes thought that Three-Eyes was sound asleep, she said:

"Little goat, bleat!

I want something to eat,"

and ate and drank heartily, and then sent the table away with the words:

"Little goat, bleat!
I've had plenty to eat,"

—and Three-Eyes had been watching and listening!

Then Two-Eyes came to her, and said, "So, Three-Eyes, you fell asleep! You're a fine goatherd! Now it's time to go home."

At home, Two-Eyes ate nothing again, and Three-Eyes said to her mother, "I know why the proud thing doesn't eat here. When she's out with the goat she says to it:

" 'Little goat, bleat!
I want something to eat,'

"and a table appears which brings her a far better meal than we have ourselves, and when she has had enough, she says:

" 'Little goat, bleat!
I've had plenty to eat,'

"and everything vanishes. I saw it all. She put two of my eyes to sleep with a spell, but not my lucky third eye."

Then the jealous mother cried, "So she wants better food than we have! We'll see about that!" and she took a knife and killed the goat.

This made Two-Eyes very sad, and she went outside into the meadow and cried bitterly, and the witch came again and asked, "Little Two-Eyes, why are you crying?"

"Haven't I good reason?" she answered. "My mother has killed my goat, which, thanks to your spell, brought me my meals, and now I must be hungry and thirsty again."

"Little Two-Eyes," said the witch, "this is what you must do. Ask your sisters for the goat's heart, and bury it in front of the house door, and you'll have good luck."

Then she vanished, and Two-Eyes went in and said, "Dear sisters, let me have some part of my goat! Just the heart will do."

So they laughed and said, "If that's all you want, you can have it," and Two-Eyes took the goat's heart and buried it by the door as the witch had told her to do.

Next morning, when they got up and went outside, there, near the door, stood a marvellous, glittering tree. Its leaves were of silver, and amongst them hung golden fruit. Nothing more beautiful nor precious could be seen in the world. How it had sprung up in a single night they could not understand, but Two-Eyes noticed that it was growing just where she had buried the goat's heart.

Then the mother said to One-Eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather some of the fruit." So One-Eye climbed up, but when she reached out to grasp the fruit, the branch drew it away from her hand. This happened time after time. No matter how she tried, she could not get one golden apple.

"Three-Eyes, you climb up," said the mother. "With your three eyes you can see better than One-Eye."

So One-Eye scrambled down and Three-Eyes scrambled up, but Three-Eyes had no better luck. The golden fruit drew itself out of the way just as it had done for her sister. At last the mother grew impatient, and went up the tree herself, but she could not seize the golden fruit any more than One-Eye or Three-Eyes. She found herself just snatching at empty air.

Then Two-Eyes said, "Let me go up. I might succeed."

Her sisters cried, "You with your two eyes, what do you think you can do?" But Two-Eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not draw back. It seemed indeed as if they jumped into her hands. She picked one after another and came down with a whole apronful.

Her mother took them from her, and Three-Eyes and One-Eye, instead of treating her better, were so jealous that they treated her worse.

One day as they were all standing by the tree a young knight came riding along.

"Get out of sight, or you'll disgrace us," said the two sisters, and they pushed poor little Two-Eyes under an empty tub with the golden apples she had gathered.

When the handsome prince drew near, he marvelled to see the wonderful tree of gold and silver, and said to the sisters, "Whose is this beautiful tree? I would give anything for a spray from it."

One-Eye and Three-Eyes said it was theirs, and tried to break off a spray to give him, but they tried in vain, for still the twigs and the fruit drew back from their hands. Said the knight, "How strange that it is your tree, and yet you cannot pluck fruit from it!"

They repeated that the tree was theirs, but as they stood talking Two-Eyes rolled several golden apples out from under the tub right to the feet of the knight, so it was plain that Three-Eyes and One-Eye were not telling the truth. The knight, seeing the apples, asked where they came from, and One-Eye and Three-Eyes told him that they had a sister who wasn't fit to be seen because she had two eyes just like the commonest people.

The knight wanted to see her, and cried, "Little Two-Eyes, come here!" Then out came Two-Eyes from under the tub, and the knight was astonished to see how pretty she was, and said to her, "Two-Eyes, I'm sure you can break off a twig for me."

"Of course I can," she answered. "It's my tree," and up she climbed, and without any trouble broke off a little bough with its silver leaves and golden fruit and gave it to the knight.

Then the knight said, "Little Two-Eyes, what can I do for you?"

"Oh," answered Two-Eyes, "I am hungry and thirsty and in trouble all day long—if only you'd take me away and save me from it all, how happy I should be!"

So the knight lifted Two-Eyes on to his horse, and took her

home to his father's castle, where he gave her lovely clothes and anything she liked to eat and drink. He had fallen in love with her, and soon they were married with great rejoicings.

The two sisters were more jealous than ever when Two-Eyes was carried away by the handsome knight. "But," they thought, "we still have the wonderful tree, and even if we can't gather its fruit, people will come to see it. It will be famous, and is sure to bring us luck." But next morning the tree had vanished, and their hopes with it, and when little Two-Eyes looked out from her room in the castle, there it was growing outside, for it had followed her.

One day, after Two-Eyes had lived happily at the castle for many years, two beggar women came to the castle door. Two-Eyes looked in their faces and recognized her sisters One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who were now so poor that they must go from door to door begging for food. Two-Eyes made them welcome, and took care of them, and was so good to them that at last they were sorry from their hearts that they had treated her so badly when she was young.

Ashputtel

The wife of a rich man fell sick, and when she felt that her end drew nigh, she called her only daughter to her bedside and said, "Always be a good girl, and I will look down from heaven and watch over you." Soon afterwards she shut her eyes and died, and was buried in the garden; and the little child went every day to her grave and wept, and was always good and kind to all about her. And the snow spread a beautiful white covering over the grave, but by the time it had melted away again, her father had married another wife. This new wife had two daughters of her own, who she brought home with her. They were fair in face but foul at heart, and it was now a sorry time for the poor little girl. "What does the good-for-nothing want in the parlour?" said they. "Those who would eat bread should first earn it. Away with the kitchen maid!" Then they took away her fine clothes, and gave her an old grey frock to put on, and laughed at her and turned her into the kitchen.

There she was forced to do hard work; to rise early before daylight, to bring the water, to make the fire, to cook and to wash. Besides that, the sisters plagued her in all sorts of ways, and laughed at her. In the evening when she was tired she had no bed to lie down on, but was made to lie by the hearth among the ashes; and then, as she was of course always dusty and dirty, they called her Ashputtel.

It happened once that the father was going to the fair, and asked his wife's daughters what he should bring them. "Fine clothes," said the first. "Pearls and diamonds," cried the second. "Now, child," said he to his own daughter, "what will you have?" "The first sprig, dear father, that rubs against your hat on your way home," said she. Then he bought for the two first the fine clothes and pearls and diamonds they had asked for, and on his way home, as he rode through a green copse, a sprig of hazel brushed against him and almost pushed off his hat, so he broke it off and brought it away; and when he got home he gave it to his daughter. Then she took it and went to her mother's grave and planted it there, and cried so much that it was watered with her tears; and there it grew and became a fine tree. Three times every day she went to it and wept; and soon a little bird came and built its nest upon the tree, and talked with her, and watched over her, and brought her whatever she wished for.

Now it happened that the king of the land held a feast which was to last three days, and out of those who came to it his son was to choose a bride for himself; and Ashputtel's two sisters were asked to come. So they called her up, and said, "Now, comb our hair, brush our shoes, and tie our sashes for us, for we are going to dance at the king's feast." Then she did as she was told, but when all was done she could not help crying, for she thought to herself that she should have liked to go to the dance too; and at last she begged her mother very hard to let her go. "You! Ashputtel?" said she. "You who have nothing to wear, no clothes at all, and who cannot even dance—you want to go to the ball?" And when she kept on begging—to get rid of her, she said at last, "I will throw this basinful of peas into the ash heap, and if you have picked them all out in two hours' time you shall go to the feast too." Then she threw the peas into the ashes, but the little maiden ran out at the back door into the garden, and cried out:

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
Turtle-doves and linnets fly!
Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay,
Hither, hither, haste away!
One and all, come help me quick,
Haste ye, haste ye—pick, pick, pick!"

Then first came two white doves flying in at the kitchen window; and next came two turtle-doves; and after them all the little birds under heaven came chirping and fluttering in, and flew down into the ashes; and the little doves stooped their heads down and set to work, pick, pick, pick; and then the others began to pick, pick, pick; and picked out all the good grains and put them in a dish, and left the ashes. At the end of one hour the work was done, and all flew out again at the windows. Then she brought the dish to her mother, overjoyed at the thought that now she should go to the wedding. But she said, "No, no! You slut! You have no clothes and cannot dance, you shall not go." And when Ashputtel begged very hard to go, she said, "If you can in one hour's time pick two of those dishes of peas out of the ashes, you shall go too." And thus she thought she should at last get rid of her. So she shook two dishes of peas into the ashes, but the little maiden went out into the garden at the back of the house, and cried out as before:

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
Turtle-doves and linnets fly!
Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay,
Hither, hither, haste away!
One and all, come help me quick,
Haste ye, haste ye—pick, pick, pick!"

Then first came two white doves in at the kitchen window; and next came the turtle-doves; and after them all the little

birds under the heaven came chirping and hopping about, and flew down about the ashes; and the little doves put their heads down and set to work, pick, pick, pick; and then the others began pick, pick, pick; and they put all the good grain into the dishes, and left all the ashes. Before half an hour's time all was done, and out they flew again. And then Ashputtel took the dishes to her mother, rejoicing to think that she should now go to the ball. But her mother said, "It is all of no use. You cannot go. You have no clothes, and cannot dance, and you would only put us to shame:" and off she went with her two daughters to the feast.

Now when all were gone and nobody left at home, Ashputtel went sorrowfully and sat down under the hazel tree, and cried out:

"Shake, shake, hazel tree,
Gold and silver over me!"

Then her friend the bird flew out of the tree and brought a gold and silver dress for her, and slippers of spangled silk; and she put them on and followed her sisters to the feast. But they did not know her and thought it must be some strange princess, she looked so fine and beautiful in her rich clothes; and they never once thought of Ashputtel, but took for granted that she was safe at home in the dirt.

The king's son soon came up to her, and took her by the hand, and danced with her and no one else; and he never left her hand, but when anyone else came to ask her to dance, he said, "This lady is dancing with me." Thus they danced till a late hour of the night; and then she wanted to go home; and the king's son said, "I shall go and take care of you to your home," for he wanted to see where the beautiful maid lived. But she slipped away from him unawares, and ran off towards home, and the prince followed her; but she jumped into the pigeon house and shut the door. Then he waited till her father

came home, and told him that the unknown maiden who had been at the feast had hidden herself in the pigeon house. But when they had broken open the door they found no one within; and as they came back into the house, Ashputtel lay, as she always did, in her dirty frock by the ashes, and her dim little lamp burnt in the chimney; for she had run as quickly as she could through the pigeon house and on to the hazel tree, and had there taken off her beautiful clothes, and laid them beneath the tree, that the bird might carry them away, and had seated herself amid the ashes again in her little grey frock.

The next day, when the feast was again held, and her father, mother, and sisters were gone, Ashputtel went to the hazel tree and said:

"Shake, shake, hazel tree,
Gold and silver over me!"

And the bird came and brought a still finer dress than the one she had worn the day before. And when she came in it to the ball, everyone wondered at her beauty, but the king's son, who was waiting for her, took her by the hand and danced with her; and when anyone asked her to dance, he said as before, "This lady is dancing with me." When night came she wanted to go home; and the king's son followed her as before, that he might see into what house she went; but she sprang away from him all at once into the garden behind her father's house. In this garden stood a fine large pear tree full of ripe fruit; and Ashputtel, not knowing where to hide herself, jumped up into it without being seen. Then the king's son could not find out where she had gone, but waited till her father came home, and said to him, "The unknown lady who danced with me has slipped away, and I think she must have sprung into the pear tree." The father thought to himself, "Can it be Ashputtel?" So he ordered an axe to be brought, and they cut down the tree but found no one upon it. And when

they came back into the kitchen, there lay Ashputtel in the ashes as usual; for she had slipped down on the other side of the tree, and carried her beautiful clothes back to the bird at the hazel tree, and then put on her little grey frock.

The third day, when her father and mother and sisters were gone, she went again into the garden, and said:

“Shake, shake, hazel tree,
Gold and silver over me!”

Then her kind friend the bird brought a dress still finer than the former ones, and slippers which were all of gold, so that when she came to the feast no one knew what to say for wonder at her beauty; and the king's son danced with her alone; and when anyone else asked her to dance, he said, “This lady is my partner.” Now when night came she wanted to go home; and the king's son would go with her, and said to himself, “I will not lose her this time,” but, however, she managed to slip away from him, though in such a hurry that she dropped her left golden slipper upon the stairs.

So the prince took the shoe and went the next day to the king his father, and said, “I will take for my wife the lady that this golden slipper fits.” Then both the sisters were overjoyed to hear this, for they had beautiful feet, and had no doubt that they could wear the golden slipper. The eldest went first into the room where the slipper was and wanted to try it on, and the mother stood by. But her great toe could not go into it, and the shoe was altogether much too small for her. Then the mother gave her a knife, and said, “Never mind, cut it off. When you are queen you will not care about toes, you will not want to go on foot.” So the silly girl cut her great toe off, and squeezed the shoe on, and went to the king's son. Then he took her for his bride, and set her beside him on his horse, and rode away with her.

But on their way home they had to pass by the hazel tree that Ashputtel had planted, and there sat a little dove on the branch singing:

"Back again! Back again! Look to the shoe!
The shoe is too small, and not made for you!
Prince! Prince! Look again for thy bride,
For she's not the true one that sits by thy side."

Then the prince got down and looked at her foot, and saw by the blood that streamed from it what a trick she had played on him. So he turned his horse round and brought the false bride back to her home, and said, "This is not the right bride. Let the other sister try to put on the slipper." Then she went into the room and got her foot into the shoe, all but the heel, which was too large. But her mother squeezed it in till the blood came, and took her to the king's son; and he set her as his bride by his side on his horse, and rode away with her.

But when they came to the hazel tree, the little dove sat there still and sang:

"Back again! Back again! Look to the shoe!
The shoe is too small, and not made for you!
Prince! Prince! Look again for thy bride,
For she's not the true one that sits by thy side."

Then he looked down and saw that the blood streamed so from the shoe that her white stockings were quite red. So he turned his horse and brought her back again also. "This is not the true bride," said he to the father. "Have you no other daughters?" "No," said he, "there is only little dirty Ashputtel here, the child of my first wife. I am sure she cannot be the bride." However, the prince told him to send her. But the mother said, "No, no, she is much too dirty; she will not dare to show

herself." However, the prince would have her come. And she first washed her face and hands, and then went in and curtsied to him, and he reached her the golden slipper. Then he took her clumsy shoe off her left foot, and put on the golden slipper; and it fitted her as if it had been made for her. And when he drew near and looked at her face he knew her, and said, "This is the right bride." But the mother and both sisters were frightened and turned pale with anger as he took Ashputtel on his horse, and rode away with her. And when they came to the hazel tree, the white dove sang:

"Home! Home! Look at the shoe!
Princess! The shoe was made for you!
Prince! Prince! Take home thy bride,
For she is the true one that sits by thy side!"

And when the dove had done its song, it came flying and perched upon her right shoulder, and so went home with her.

Cherry, or the Frog Bride

Once upon a time there was a king who had three sons. Not far from his kingdom lived an old woman who had an only daughter, called Cherry. The king sent his sons out to see the world so that they might learn the ways of foreign lands, and get wisdom and skill in ruling the kingdom that they were one day to have for their own. But the old woman lived at peace at home with her daughter, who was called Cherry because she liked cherries better than any other kind of food, and would eat scarcely anything else. Now her poor old mother had no garden, and no money to buy cherries every day for her daughter; and at last there was no other plan left but to go to a neighbouring nunnery-garden and beg the finest she could get of the nuns; for she dared not let her daughter go out by herself, as she was very pretty, and she feared some mischance might befall her. Cherry's taste was, however, very well known; and, as it happened that the abbess was as fond of cherries as she was, it was soon found out where all the best fruit went; and the holy mother was not a little angry at missing some of her stock and finding whither it had gone.

The princes while wandering on came one day to the town where Cherry and her mother lived; and as they passed along the street saw the fair maiden standing at the window, combing her long and beautiful locks of hair. Then each of the three fell deeply in love with her, and began to say how much he longed to have her for his wife! Scarcely had the wish been spoken, when all drew their swords, and a dreadful bat-

tle began. The fight lasted long, and their rage grew hotter and hotter, when at last the abbess, hearing the uproar, came to the gate. Finding that her neighbour was the cause, her old spite against her broke forth at once, and in her rage she wished Cherry turned into an ugly frog and sitting in the water under the bridge at the world's end. No sooner said than done, and poor Cherry became a frog, and vanished out of their sight. The princes had now nothing to fight for; so sheathing their swords again, they shook hands as brothers, and went on towards their father's home.

The old king meanwhile found that he grew weak and ill-fitted for the business of reigning, so he thought of giving up his kingdom, but to whom should it be? This was a point that his fatherly heart could not settle, for he loved all his sons alike. "My dear children," said he, "I grow old and weak, and should like to give up my kingdom, but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three, and besides, I should wish to give my people the cleverest and best of you for their king. However, I will give you three trials, and the one who wins the prize shall have the kingdom. The first is to seek me out one hundred ells of cloth so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring." The sons said they would do their best, and set out on the search.

The two eldest brothers took with them many followers, and coaches and horses of all sorts, to bring home all the beautiful cloths which they could find; but the youngest went alone by himself. They soon came to where the roads branched off into several ways. Two ran through smiling meadows, with smooth paths and shady groves, but the third looked dreary and dirty, and went over barren wastes. The two eldest chose the pleasant ways, and the youngest took his leave and whistled along over the dreary road. Whenever fine linen was to be seen, the two elder brothers bought it, and bought so much that their coaches and horses bent under their burden. The

youngest, on the other hand, journeyed on many a weary day, and found not a place where he could buy even one piece of cloth that was at all fine and good. His heart sank beneath him, and every mile he grew more and more heavy and sorrowful. At last he came to a bridge over a stream, and there he sat himself down to rest and sigh over his bad luck, when an ugly-looking frog popped its head out of the water, and asked, with a voice that had not at all a harsh sound to his ears, what was the matter. The prince said in a pet, "Silly frog! You cannot not help me." "Who told you so?" said the frog. "Tell me what ails you." After a while the prince opened the whole story and told why his father had sent him out. "I will help you," said the frog, so it jumped back into the stream and soon came back, dragging a small piece of linen not bigger than one's hand and by no means the cleanest in the world in its look. However, there it was, and the prince was told to take it away with him. He had no great liking for such a dirty rag, but still there was something in the frog's speech that pleased him much, and he thought to himself, "It can do no harm, it is better than nothing." So he picked it up, put it into his pocket and thanked the frog, who dived down again, panting and quite tired, as it seemed, with its work. The farther he went the heavier he found, to his great joy, the pocket grow, and so he turned himself homewards, trusting greatly in his good luck.

He reached home nearly about the same time that his brothers came up, with their horses and coaches all heavily laden. Then the old king was very glad to see his children again, and pulled the ring off his finger to try who had done the best. But in all the stock which the two eldest had brought there was not one piece a tenth part of which would go through the ring. At this they were greatly ashamed, for they had laughed at their brother, who came home, as they thought, empty-handed. But how great was their anger, when they saw him pull from

his pocket a piece that for softness, beauty, and whiteness, was a thousand times better than anything that was ever before seen! It was so fine that it passed with ease through the ring. Indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone in together. The father embraced the lucky youth, told his servants to throw the coarse linen into the sea, and said to his children, "Now you must set about the second task which I am to set you—bring me home a little dog, so small that it will lie in a nutshell."

His sons were not a little frightened at such a task, but they all longed for the crown, and made up their minds to go and try their hands, and so after a few days they set out once more on their travels. At the crossways they parted as before, and the youngest chose his old dreary rugged road with all the bright hopes that his former good luck gave him. Scarcely had he sat himself down again at the bridge foot, when his old friend the frog jumped out, set itself beside him, and as before opened its big wide mouth, and croaked out, "What is the matter?" The prince had this time no doubt of the frog's power, and therefore told what he wanted. "It shall be done for you," said the frog, and springing into the stream it soon brought up a hazelnut, laid it at his feet, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it gently, and then see what would happen. The prince went his way very well pleased, and the frog, tired with its task, jumped back into the water.

His brothers had reached home first, and brought with them a great many very pretty little dogs. The old king, willing to help them all he could, sent for a large walnut shell and tried it with every one of the little dogs; but one stuck fast with the hindfoot out, and another with the head, and a third with the forefoot, and a fourth with its tail—in short, some one way and some another; but none was at all likely to sit easily in this new kind of kennel. When all had been tried, the youngest made his father a dutiful bow, and gave him the hazelnut,

begging him to crack it very carefully. The moment this was done, out ran a beautiful little white dog upon the king's hand, wagged its tail, fondled his new master, and soon turned about and barked at the other little beasts in the most graceful manner, to the delight of the whole court. The joy of everyone was great. The old king again embraced his lucky son, told his people to drown all the other dogs in the sea, and said to his children, "Dear sons, your weightiest tasks are now over. Listen to my last wish. Whoever brings home the fairest lady shall be at once the heir to my crown."

The prize was so tempting and the chance so fair for all, that none made any doubts about setting to work, each in his own way, to try and be the winner. The youngest was not in such good spirits as he was the last time. He thought to himself, "The old frog has been able to do a great deal for me, but all its power must be nothing to me now, for where should it find me a fair maiden, still less a fairer maiden than was ever seen at my father's court? The swamps where it lives have no living things in them but toads, snakes, and such vermin." Meantime he went on, and sighed as he sat down again with a heavy heart by the bridge. "Ah, frog!" said he. "This time you can do me no good." "Never mind," croaked the frog. "Only tell me what is the matter now." Then the prince told his old friend what trouble had now come upon him. "Go on your way home," said the frog. "The fair maiden will follow soon after, but take care and do not laugh at whatever may happen!" This said, it sprang as before into the water and was soon out of sight. The prince still sighed on, for he trusted very little this time to the frog's words, but he had not set many steps towards home before he heard a noise behind him, and looking round saw six large water-rats dragging along a large pumpkin like a coach, full trot. On the box sat an old fat toad as coachman, and behind stood two little frogs as footmen, and two fine mice with stately whiskers ran before as

outriders. Within sat his old friend the frog, rather misshapen and unseemly to be sure, but still with somewhat of a graceful air as it bowed to him in passing. Much too deeply wrapped in thought as to his chance of finding the fair lady whom he was seeking to take any heed of the strange scene before him, the prince scarcely looked at it, and had still less mind to laugh. The coach passed on a little way, and soon turned a corner that hid it from his sight; but how astonished was he, on turning the corner himself, to find a handsome coach and six black horses standing there, with a coachman in bright livery, and within the most beautiful lady he had ever seen, whom he soon knew to be the fair Cherry, for whom his heart had so long ago panted! As he came up, the servants opened the coach door, and he was allowed to seat himself by the beautiful lady.

They soon came to his father's city, where his brothers also came with trains of fair ladies, but as soon as Cherry was seen, all the court gave her with one voice the crown of beauty. The delighted father embraced his son, and named him the heir to his crown, and ordered all the other ladies to be thrown like the little dogs into the sea and drowned. Then the prince married Cherry, and lived long and happily with her, and indeed lives with her still—if he be not dead.

The Water of Life

Once upon a time there reigned, in a country a great way off, a king who had three sons. This king once fell very ill, so ill that nobody thought he could live. His sons were very much grieved at their father's sickness, and as they walked weeping in the garden of the palace, an old man met them and asked what ailed them. They told him their father was so ill that they were afraid nothing could save him. "I know what would," said the old man. "It is the Water of Life. If he could have a draught of it he would be well again, but it is very hard to get." Then the eldest son said, "I will soon find it," and went to the sick king, and begged that he might go in search of the Water of Life as it was the only thing that could save him. "No," said the king. "I would rather die than place you in such great danger as you must meet with in your journey." But he begged so hard that the king let him go, and the prince thought to himself, "If I bring my father this water, I shall be his dearest son, and he will make me heir to his kingdom."

Then he set out, and when he had gone on his way some time he came to a deep valley overhung with rocks and woods; and as he looked around there stood above him on one of the rocks a little dwarf, who called out to him and said, "Prince, where are you going so fast?" "What is that to you, little ugly one?" said the prince sneeringly, and rode on his way. But the little dwarf fell into a great rage at his behaviour, and laid a spell of ill luck upon him so that, as he rode on, the mountain pass seemed to become narrower and narrower, and at last

the way was so straightened that he could not go a step forward, and when he thought to have turned his horse round and gone back the way he came, the passage he found had closed behind also, and shut him quite up. He next tried to get off his horse and make his way on foot, but this he was unable to do, and so there he was forced to remain, spellbound.

Meantime the king his father was lingering on in daily hope of his return, till at last the second son said, "Father, I will go in search of this Water," for he thought to himself, "My brother is surely dead, and the kingdom will fall to me if I have good luck in my journey." The king was at first very unwilling to let him go, but at last yielded to his wish. So he set out and followed the same road that his brother had taken, and met the same dwarf, who stopped him at the same spot, and said as before, "Prince, where are you going so fast?" "Mind your own affairs, busybody!" answered the prince scornfully, and rode off. But the dwarf put the same enchantment upon him, and when he came like the other to the narrow pass in the mountains he could neither move forward nor backward. Thus it is with proud silly people, who think themselves too wise to take advice.

When the second prince had thus stayed away a long while, the youngest said he would go and search for the Water of Life, and trusted he should soon be able to make his father well again. The dwarf met him too at the same spot, and said, "Prince, where are you going so fast?" And the prince said, "I go in search of the Water of Life, because my father is ill and likely to die. Can you help me?" "Do you know where it is to be found?" asked the dwarf. "No," said the prince. "Then as you have spoken to me kindly and sought for advice, I will tell you how and where to go. The Water you seek springs from a well in an enchanted castle, and so that you may be able to go in safety I will give you an iron wand and two little loaves of bread. Strike the iron door of the castle three times

with the wand, and it will open. Two hungry lions will be lying down inside gaping for their prey, but if you throw them the bread they will let you pass. Then hasten on to the well and take some of the Water of Life before the clock strikes twelve, for if you tarry longer the door will shut upon you for ever."

Then the prince thanked the dwarf for his friendly aid, and took the wand and the bread and went travelling on and on over sea and land till he came to his journey's end, and found everything to be as the dwarf had told him. The door flew open at the third stroke of the wand, and when the lions were quietened he went on through the castle and came at length to a beautiful hall. Around it he saw several knights sitting in a trance; then he pulled off their rings and put them on his own fingers. In another room he saw on a table a sword and a loaf of bread, which he also took. Farther on he came to a room where a beautiful young lady sat upon a couch. She welcomed him joyfully and said that if he would set her free from the spell that bound her, the kingdom should be his if he would come back in a year and marry her. Then she told him that the well that held the Water of Life was in the palace gardens, and bade him make haste and draw what he wanted before the clock struck twelve. Then he went on, and as he walked through beautiful gardens he came to a delightful shady spot in which stood a couch; and he thought to himself, as he felt tired, that he would rest himself for a while and gaze on the lovely scenes around him. So he laid himself down, and sleep fell upon him unawares, and he did not wake up till the clock was striking a quarter to twelve. Then he sprang from the couch, dreadfully frightened, ran to the well, filled a cup that was standing by him full of Water, and hastened to get away in time. Just as he was going out of the iron door, the clock struck twelve, and the door fell so quickly upon him that it tore away a piece of his heel.

When he found himself safe he was overjoyed to think that he had got the Water of Life; and as he was going on his way homewards, he passed by the little dwarf, who when he saw the sword and the loaf said, "You have made a noble prize. With the sword you can at a blow slay whole armies, and the bread will never fail." Then the prince thought to himself, "I cannot go home to my father without my brothers," so he said, "Dear dwarf, cannot you tell me where my two brothers are, who set out in search of the Water of Life before me and never came back?" "I have shut them up by a charm between two mountains," said the dwarf, "because they were proud and ill-behaved, and scorned to ask advice." The prince begged so hard for his brothers that the dwarf at last set them free, though unwillingly, saying, "Beware of them, for they have bad hearts." Their brother, however, was greatly joyful to see them, and told them all that had happened to him—how he had found the Water of Life, and had taken a cup full of it, and how he had set a beautiful princess free from a spell that bound her; and how she had engaged to wait a whole year, and then to marry him and give him the kingdom. Then they all three rode on together, and on their way home came to a country that was laid waste by war and a dreadful famine, so that it was feared all must die for want. But the prince gave the king of the land the bread, and all his kingdom ate of it. And he slew the enemy's army with the wonderful sword, and left the kingdom in peace and plenty. In the same manner he befriended two other countries that they passed through on their way.

When they came to the sea, they got into a ship, and during their voyage the two eldest said to themselves, "Our brother has got the Water which we could not find. Therefore our father will forsake us and give him the kingdom, which is our right." So they were full of envy and revenge, and agreed together how they could ruin him. They waited till he was

fast asleep, and then poured the Water of Life out of the cup and took it for themselves, giving him bitter sea water instead. And when they came to their journey's end, the youngest brought his cup to the sick king, that he might drink and be healed. Scarcely, however, had he tasted the bitter sea water than he became worse even than he was before, and then both the elder sons came in and blamed the youngest for what he had done, and said that he wanted to poison their father, but that they had found the Water of Life and had brought it with them. He no sooner began to drink of what they brought him, than he felt his sickness leave him, and was as strong and well as in his young days. Then they went to their brother and laughed at him, and said, "Well, brother, you found the Water of Life, did you? You have had the trouble, and we shall have the reward. Pray, with all your cleverness, why did not you manage to keep your eyes open? Next year one of us will take away your beautiful princess, if you do not take care. You had better say nothing about this to our father, for he does not believe a word you say, and if you tell tales, you shall lose your life into the bargain. But be quiet and we will let you off."

The old king was still very angry with his youngest son, and thought that he really meant to have taken away his life; so he called his court together and asked what should be done, and it was settled that he should be put to death. The prince knew nothing of what was going on, till one day when the king's chief huntsman went hunting with him. When they were alone in the wood together, the huntsman looked so sorrowful that the prince said, "My friend, what is the matter with you?" "I cannot and dare not tell you," said he. But the prince begged hard and said, "Only say what it is, and do not think I shall be angry, for I will forgive you." "Alas!" said the huntsman. "The king has ordered me to shoot you." The prince started at this, and said, "Let me live, and I will change clothes

with you. You shall take my royal coat to show to my father, and give me your shabby one." "With all my heart," said the huntsman. "I am sure I shall be glad to save you, for I could not have shot you." Then he took the prince's coat and gave him the shabby one, and went away through the wood.

Some time afterwards, three grand embassies came to the old king's court, with rich gifts of gold and precious stones for his youngest son, which were sent from the three kings to whom he had lent his sword and loaf of bread to rid them of their enemy and feed their people. This touched the old king's heart, and he thought his son might still be guiltless, and said to his court, "Oh! If only my son were still alive! How it grieves me that I had him killed!" "He still lives," said the huntsman, "and I rejoice that I had pity on him and saved him, for when the time came, I could not shoot him, but let him go in peace and brought home his royal coat." At this the king was overwhelmed with joy, and made it known throughout all his kingdom that if his son would come back to his court, he would forgive him.

Meanwhile the princess was eagerly awaiting the return of her deliverer, and had a road made leading up to her palace all of shining gold; and told her courtiers that whoever came on horseback and rode straight up to the gate upon it, was her true lover, and that they must let him in; but whoever rode on one side of it, they must be sure was not the right one, and must send him away at once.

The time soon came when the eldest thought he would make haste to go to the princess, and say that he was the one who had set her free, and that he should have her for his wife, and the kingdom with her. As he came before the palace and saw the golden road, he stopped to look at it, and thought to himself, "It is a pity to ride upon this beautiful road," so he turned aside and rode on the right of it. But when he came to the gate, the guards said to him that he was not what he said he

was, and must go about his business. The second prince set out soon afterwards on the same errand, and when he came to the golden road and his horse had set one foot upon it, he stopped to look at it, and thought it very beautiful, and said to himself, "What a pity it is that anything should tread here!" Then he too turned aside and rode on the left of it. But when he came to the gate, the guards said he was not the true prince, and that he too must go away.

Now when the full year was come, the third brother left the wood where he had stayed for fear of his father's anger, and set out in search of his betrothed bride. So he journeyed on, thinking of her all the way, and rode so quickly that he did not even see the golden road, but went with his horse straight over it; and as he came to the gate, it flew open, and the princess welcomed him with joy, and said he was her deliverer and should now be her husband and lord of the kingdom, and the marriage was soon kept with great feasting. When it was over, the princess told him she had heard of his father having forgiven him, and of his wish to have him home again. So he went to visit him, and told him everything, how his brothers had cheated and robbed him, and yet that he had borne all these wrongs for the love of his father. Then the old king was very angry, and wanted to punish his wicked sons; but they made their escape, and got into a ship and sailed away over the wide sea, and were never heard of any more.

The Five Servants

Some time ago there reigned in a country many thousands of miles off an old queen who was very spiteful and delighted in nothing so much as mischief. She had one daughter, who was thought to be the most beautiful princess in the world, but her mother only made use of her as a trap for the unwary; and whenever any suitor who had heard of her beauty came to seek her in marriage, the only answer the old lady gave to each was that he must undertake some very hard task and forfeit his life if he failed. Many, led by the report of the princess's charms, undertook these tasks, but failed in doing what the queen set them to do. No mercy was ever shown them; but the word was given at once, and off their heads were cut.

Now it happened that a prince, who lived in a country far off, heard of the great beauty of this young lady, and said to his father, "Dear father, let me go and try my luck." "No," said the king. "If you go, you will surely lose your life." The prince, however, had set his heart so much upon the scheme that when he found his father was against it he fell very ill, and took to his bed for seven years, and no art could cure him, or recover his lost spirits. So when his father saw that if he went on thus he would die, he said to him, with a heart full of grief, "If it must be so, go and try your luck." At this he rose from his bed, recovered his health and spirits, and went forward on his way light of heart and full of joy.

Then on he journeyed over hill and dale, through fair weather

and foul, till one day, as he was riding through a wood, he thought he saw afar off some large animal upon the ground, and as he drew near he found that it was a man lying along upon the grass under the trees; but he looked more like a mountain than a man, he was so fat and jolly. When this big fellow saw the traveller, he arose and said, "If you want anyone to wait upon you, you will do well to take me into your service." "What should I do with such a fat fellow as you?" said the prince. "It would be nothing to you if I were three thousand times as fat," said the man, "if only I behave myself well." "That's true," answered the prince, "so come with me. I can put you to some use or another, I dare say." Then the fat man rose up and followed the prince, and by and by they saw another man lying on the ground with his ear close to the turf. The prince said, "What are you doing there?" "I am listening," answered the man. "To what?" "To all that is going on in the world, for I can hear everything. I can even hear the grass grow." "Tell me," said the prince, "what you hear is going on at the court of the old queen who has the beautiful daughter." "I hear," said the listener, "the noise of the sword that is cutting off the head of one of her suitors." "Well!" said the prince. "I see I shall be able to make use of you—come along with me!" They had not gone far before they saw a pair of feet, and then part of the legs of a man stretched out; but they were so long that they could not see the rest of the body till they had passed on a good deal farther, and at last they came to the body, and after going on a while farther, to the head. "Bless me!" said the prince. "What a long rope you are!" "Oh!" answered the tall man. "This is nothing. When I choose to stretch myself to my full length, I am three times as high as any mountain you have seen on your travels, I warrant you. I will willingly do what I can to serve you if you will let me." "Come along then," said the prince. "I can turn you to account in some way."

The prince and his train went on farther into the wood, and next saw a man lying by the roadside basking in the heat of the sun, yet shaking and shivering all over so that not a limb lay still. "What makes you shiver," said the prince, "while the sun is shining so warm?" "Alas!" answered the man. "The warmer it is, the colder I am. The sun only seems to me like a sharp frost that thrills through all my bones; and so on the other hand, when others are what you call cold I begin to be warm, so that I can neither bear the ice for its heat nor the fire for its cold." "You are a strange fellow," said the prince, "but if you have nothing else to do, come along with me." The next thing they saw was a man standing, stretching his neck and looking around him from hill to hill. "What are you looking for so eagerly?" said the prince. "I have such sharp eyes," said the man, "that I can see over woods and fields and hills and dales—in short, all over the world." "Well," said the prince, "come with me if you will, for I want one more to make up my train."

Then they all journeyed on, and met with no one else till they came to the city where the beautiful princess lived. The prince went straight to the old queen and said, "Here I am, ready to do any task you set me, if you will give me your daughter as a reward when I have done." "I will set you three tasks," said the queen; "and if you get through all, you shall be the husband of my daughter. First, you must bring me a ring which I dropped in the Red Sea." The prince went home to his friends and said, "The first task is not an easy one. It is to fetch a ring out of the Red Sea, so lay your heads together and say what is to be done." Then the sharp-sighted one said, "I will see where it lies," and looked down into the Sea, and cried out, "There it lies upon a rock at the bottom." "I would fetch it out," said the tall man, "if I could but see it." "Well!" cried out the fat one, "I will help you to do that," and laid himself down and held his mouth to the water, and drank up

the waves till the bottom of the sea was as dry as a meadow. Then the tall man stooped a little and pulled out the ring with his hand, and the prince took it to the old queen, who looked at it and, wondering, said, "It is indeed the right ring. You have gone through this task well, but now comes the second. Look yonder at the meadow before my palace. See! There are a hundred fat oxen feeding there. You must eat them all up before noon; and underneath in my cellar there are a hundred casks of wine, which you must drink all up." "May I not invite some guests to share the feast with me?" said the prince. "Why, yes!" said the old woman with a spiteful laugh. "You may ask one of your friends to breakfast with you, but no more."

Then the prince went home and said to the fat man, "You must be my guest today, and for once you shall eat your fill." So the fat man set to work and ate the hundred oxen without leaving a bit, and asked if that was to be all he should have for his breakfast? And he drank the wine out of the casks without leaving a drop, licking even his fingers when he had done. When the meal was ended, the prince went to the old woman and told her the second task was done. "Your work is not all over, however," muttered the old hag to herself. "I will catch you yet! You shall not keep your head upon your shoulders if I can help it." "This evening," said she to the prince, "I will bring my daughter into your house and leave her with you. You shall sit together there, but take care that you do not fall asleep, for I shall come when the clock strikes twelve, and if she is not then with you, you are undone." "Oh!" thought the prince, "it is an easy task to keep such a watch as that. I will take care to keep my eyes open." So he called his servants and told them all that the old woman had said. "Who knows, though," said he, "but there may be some trick at the bottom of this? It is as well to be upon our guard and keep watch that the young lady does not get away." When it was

night the old woman brought her daughter to the prince's house. Then the tall man twisted himself round about it, the listener put his ear to the ground, the fat man placed himself before the door so that no living soul could enter, and the sharp-eyed one looked out afar and watched. Within sat the princess without saying a word, but the moon shone bright through the window upon her face, and the prince gazed upon her wonderful beauty. And while he looked upon her with a heart full of joy and love, his eyelids did not droop; but at eleven o'clock the old woman cast a charm over them so that they all fell asleep, and the princess vanished in a moment.

And thus they slept till a quarter to twelve, when the charm had no longer any power over them, and they all awoke. "Alas! Alas! Woe is me," cried the prince. "Now I am lost for ever." And his faithful servants began to weep over their unhappy lot, but the listener said, "Be still and I will listen." So he listened awhile and cried out, "I hear her bewailing her fate." And the sharp-sighted man looked and said, "I see her sitting on a rock three hundred miles hence. Now help us, my tall friend. If you stand up, you will reach her in two steps." "Very well," answered the tall man, and in an instant, before one could turn one's head round, he was at the foot of the enchanted rock. Then the tall man took the young lady in his arms and carried her back to the prince a moment before it struck twelve; and they all sat down again and made merry. And when the clock struck twelve the old queen came sneaking by with a spiteful look, as if she was going to say, "Now he is mine." Nor could she think otherwise, for she knew that her daughter was but the moment before on the rock three hundred miles off, but when she came and saw her daughter in the prince's room she started, and said, "There is somebody here who can do more than I can." However, she now saw that she could no longer avoid giving the prince her daughter for a wife, but said to her in a whisper, "It is a shame that

you should be won by servants, and not have a husband of your own choice."

Now the young lady was of a very proud, haughty temper, and her anger was raised to such a pitch that the next morning she ordered three hundred loads of wood to be brought and piled up; and told the prince it was true he had by the help of his servants done the three tasks, but that before she would marry him someone must sit upon that pile of wood when it was set on fire and bear the heat. She thought to herself that though his servants had done everything else for him, none of them would go so far as to burn themselves for him, and that then she should put his love to the test by seeing whether he would sit upon it himself. But she was mistaken, for when the servants heard this, they said, "We have all done something but the frosty man; now his turn is come." And they took him and put him on the wood, and set it on fire. Then the fire rose and burned for three long days, till all the wood was gone; and when it was out, the frosty man stood in the midst of the ashes, trembling like an aspen leaf, and said, "I never shivered so much in my life. If it had lasted much longer, I should have lost the use of my limbs."

When the princess had no longer any plea for delay, she saw that she was bound to marry the prince; but when they were going to church, the old woman said, "I will never consent," and sent secret orders out to her horsemen to kill and slay all before them, and bring back her daughter before she could be married. However, the listener had pricked up his ears and heard all that the old woman said, and told it to the prince. So they made haste and got to the church first, and were married; and then the five servants took their leave and went away saying, "We will go and try our luck in the world on our own account."

The prince set out with his wife, and at the end of the first day's journey they came to a village where a swineherd was

feeding his swine. As they came near he said to his wife, "Do you know who I am? I am not a prince, but a poor swineherd. He whom you see yonder with the swine is my father, and our business will be to help him to tend them." Then he went into the swineherd's hut with her, and ordered her royal clothes to be taken away in the night so that when she awoke in the morning she had nothing to put on, till the woman who lived there made a great favour of giving her an old gown and a pair of worsted stockings. "If it were not for your husband's sake," said she, "I would not have given you anything." Then the poor princess gave herself up for lost, and believed that her husband must indeed be a swineherd; but she thought she would make the best of it, and began to help him to feed them, and said, "It is a just reward for my pride." When this had lasted eight days she could bear it no longer, for her feet were all over wounds, and as she sat down and wept by the wayside, some people came up to her and pitied her, and asked if she knew what her husband really was. "Yes," said she, "a swineherd. He is just gone out to market with some of his stock." But they said, "Come along and we will take you to him," and they took her over the hill to the palace of the prince's father; and when they came into the hall, there stood her husband so richly dressed in his royal clothes that she did not know him till he fell upon her neck and kissed her, and said, "I have borne much for your sake, and you too have also borne a great deal for me." Then the guests were sent for, and the marriage feast was given, and all made merry and danced and sang, and the best wish that I can wish is that you and I had been there too.

The Wolf and the Seven Goslings

Once upon a time there was a goose who had seven young goslings, whom she loved like a true mother and guarded carefully from the wolf. One day when she had to go out to fetch something to eat, she called them together, and said, "My dear children, I have to go out for food. Stay in the house and don't let the wolf in. He'll come and try, but you'll know him by his gruff voice and his black paws. If he once got in he'd eat you up."

Not long after she had gone, the wolf came to the door of the goose's house and called out in his gruff voice, "My dear children, let me in. I'm your mother, and I've brought something nice for you."

But the seven goslings said, "You're not Mother. She has a soft pleasant voice and yours is gruff. You're the wolf, and you want to eat us, and we won't open the door."

So the wolf thought of a trick. He went to a shop and bought a big piece of chalk, which he ate to make his voice smooth. Then he went back to the goslings' house, and called out in his soft voice, "My dear children, let me in. I'm your mother, and I have brought something for every one of you." But he had put one of his paws in at the window. The seven goslings saw it, and said, "You're not Mother. Her feet aren't black, like yours. You are the wolf. We won't open the door."

Then the wolf went to a baker and said, "Baker, cover my paws with fresh dough," and when the baker had done so, he

went to the miller and said, "Miller, sprinkle my paws with fine white flour." The miller didn't want to do it. "If you don't," said the wolf, "I'll eat you." So the miller was afraid, and did it.

Then the wolf went once more to the goslings' house and said, "My dear children, let me in. I am your mother. You shall each have a present."

The seven goslings saw white feet and heard a smooth voice. They thought they were their mother's, and opened the door and let the wolf in. When they saw who it was they were terrified, and tried to hide themselves. The first got under the table; the second into the bed; the third into the coal house; the fourth into the kitchen; the fifth into a cupboard; the sixth under a big shovel; the seventh in the big clock hanging on the wall.

But the wolf found them and swallowed them, all except the one who was in the clock, who was the youngest. He was left.

Then, having worked his wicked will, the wolf trotted away.

Soon afterwards, the mother goose came home. What a sight for her! The door was standing open; tables and chairs were upset; the shovel was broken; blankets and pillows had been pulled off the bed. Dreadful!

"Oh!" she cried, "the wolf has been here and has eaten my children! My seven goslings are dead!" And she began to weep bitterly.

Then out jumped the youngest from the clock. "One is still alive, Mother dear!" he shouted, and then he told her how it had all happened.

Meanwhile the wolf felt sleepy after his big meal, and had lain down in a sunny meadow and gone to sleep.

Now the old goose was clever and cunning, and she set herself to think if there was not some way of saving her children even now. At last she had a bright idea, and said to the

youngest gosling, "Get some thread, a needle and a pair of scissors, and follow me."

Off they went, and found the wolf fast asleep in the meadow.

"There he lies and snores, the brute!" said the mother goose, and had a good look at him from every side. "He gobbled my six little ones for supper, and now he can't move. Quick! Give me the scissors. Perhaps they're still alive. I'm going to cut him open."

With that she slit him up, and out jumped the six goslings quite unhurt, for he had swallowed them whole in his horrid haste.

Weren't they glad to be out of their dark prison! They rushed to kiss their mother, but she said, "Hurry up and get a lot of big heavy pebbles!" and she made them stuff the pebbles into the wolf, and then the old lady sewed him up so quickly and cleverly that he knew nothing about it, and never stirred in his sleep.

When their work was finished, they ran away and hid behind a hedge. When the wolf had had his sleep out and got up, he felt very heavy. "Something's rolling and bumping about inside me," he said, "and yet I've only eaten six goslings." He thought a good drink of cold water would do him good, and went off to find a pond. And as he leaned over the edge to drink, the weight of the stones inside him pulled him over, and he fell in and was drowned.

When the seven goslings saw what had happened, they came running to the spot shouting, "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" and danced round the pond in delight.

The Elfin Grove

A woodman one day said to his wife, "I hope that the children will not run into that fir grove by the side of the river. Who they are who have come to live there I cannot tell, but I am sure it looks more dark and gloomy than ever, and some strange-looking beings are to be seen lurking about it every night, as I am told." The woodman could not say that they brought any ill luck as yet, whatever they were, for all the village had thrived more than ever since they came. The fields looked greener, and even the sky was a deeper blue. Not knowing what to say of them, the farmer very wisely let his new friends alone, and in truth troubled his head very little about them.

That very evening, little Mary and her playfellow Martin were playing at hide-and-seek in the valley. "Where can Martin be hidden?" said Mary. "He must have gone into the fir grove," and down she ran to look. Just then she spied a little dog that jumped round her and wagged his tail, and led her on towards the wood. Then he ran into it, and she soon jumped up the bank to look after him, but was overjoyed to see, instead of a gloomy grove of firs, a delightful garden, where flowers and shrubs of every kind grew upon turf of the softest green; bright butterflies flew about her, the birds sang sweetly, and, what was strangest, the prettiest little children sported about on all sides, some twining the flowers, and others dancing in rings upon the shady spots beneath the trees. In the midst, instead of the hovels of which Mary had heard, there was a palace

that dazzled her eyes with its brightness. For a while she gazed on the fairy scene around her, till at last one of the little dancers ran up to her, and said, "And you are come at last to see us? We have often seen you play about, and wished to have you with us." Then she plucked some of the fruit that grew near, and Mary, at the first taste, forgot her home, and wished only to see and know more of her fairy friends.

Then they led her about with them and showed her all their sports. One time they danced by moonlight on the primrose banks; at another time they skipped from bough to bough among the trees that hung over the cooling streams; for they moved as lightly and easily through the air as on the ground; and Mary went with them everywhere, for they bore her in their arms wherever they wished to go. Sometimes they would throw seeds on the turf, and directly little trees sprang up; and then they would set their feet upon the branches while the trees grew under them, till they danced upon the boughs in the air, wherever the breezes carried them; and again the trees would sink down into the earth and land them safely at their bidding. At other times they would go and visit the palace of their queen; and there the richest food was spread before them, and the softest music was heard; and there all around grew flowers which were always changing their hues, from scarlet to purple and yellow and emerald. Sometimes they went to look at the heaps of treasures which were piled up in the royal stores; for little dwarfs were always employed in searching the earth for gold. Small as this fairyland looked from without, it seemed within to have no end; a mist hung around it to shield it from the eyes of men; and some of the little elves sat perched upon the outermost tree, to keep watch lest the step of man should break in and spoil the charm.

"And who are you?" said Mary one day. "We are what are called elves in your world," said one, whose name was Gos-samer and who had become her dearest friend. "We are told

you talk a great deal about us, Some of our tribes like to work you mischief, but we who live here seek only to be happy. We meddle little with mankind, but when we do come among them, it is to do them good." "And where is your queen?" said little Mary. "Hush! hush! You cannot see or know her. You must leave us before she comes back, which will be very soon, for mortal steps cannot come where she is. But you will know that she is here when you see the meadows greener, the rivers more sparkling, and the sun brighter."

Soon afterwards Gossamer told Mary the time had come to bid her farewell, and gave her a ring in token of their friendship, and led her to the edge of the grove. "Think of me," said she, "but beware how you tell what you have seen, or try to visit any of us again, for if you do we shall quit this grove and come back no more." Turning back, Mary saw nothing but the gloomy fir grove she had known before. "How frightened my father and mother will be!" thought she as she looked at the sun, which had risen some time. "They will wonder where I have been all night, and yet I must not tell them what I have seen." She hastened homewards, wondering, however, as she went, to see that the leaves, which were yesterday so fresh and green, were now falling dry and yellow around her. The cottage too seemed changed, and, when she went in, there sat her father looking some years older than when she saw him last; and her mother, whom she hardly knew, was by his side. Close by was a young man. "Father," said Mary, "who is this?" "Who are you that call me father?" said he. "Are you—no, you cannot be—our long-lost Mary?" But they soon saw that it was their Mary, and the young man, who was her old friend and playfellow Martin, said, "No wonder you had forgotten me in seven years. Do you not remember how we parted seven years ago while playing in the field? We thought you were quite lost, but we are glad to see that someone has taken care of you and brought you home at last." Mary said nothing, for

she could not tell all, but she wondered at the strange tale and felt gloomy at the change from fairyland to her father's cottage.

Little by little she came to herself, thought of her story as a mere dream, and soon became Martin's bride. Everything seemed to thrive around them; and Mary called her first little girl Elfie, in memory of her friends. The little thing was loved by everyone. It was pretty and very good tempered. Mary thought that it was very like a little elf; and all, without knowing why, called it the fairy child.

One day, while Mary was dressing her little Elfie, she found a piece of gold hanging round her neck by a silken thread, and knew it to be of the same sort as she had seen in the hands of the fairy dwarfs. Elfie seemed sorry at its being seen, and said that she had found it in the garden. But Mary watched her, and soon found that she went every afternoon to sit by herself in a shady place behind the house. So one day she hid herself to see what the child did there; and to her great wonder Gossamer was sitting by her side. "Dear Elfie," she was saying, "your mother and I used to sit thus when she was young and lived among us. Oh! If you could but come and do so too! But since our queen came to us it cannot be; yet I will come and see you and talk to you while you are a child. When you grow up we must part for ever." Then she plucked one of the roses that grew around them and breathed gently upon it, and said, "Take this for my sake. It will keep its freshness a whole year."

Then Mary loved her little Elfie more than ever; and when she found that she spent some hours of almost every day with the elf, she used to hide herself and watch them without being seen, till one day when Gossamer was bearing her little friend through the air from tree to tree, her mother was so frightened lest her child should fall that she could not help crying out, and Gossamer set her gently on the ground and

seemed angry, and flew away. But still she used sometimes to come and play with her little friend, and would soon have done so perhaps the same as before, had not Mary one day told her husband the whole story, for she could not bear to hear him always wondering and laughing at their little child's odd ways, and saying he was sure there was something in the fir grove that brought them no good. So to show him that all she said was true, she took him to see Elfie and the fairy, but no sooner did Gossamer know that he was there (which she did in an instant) than she changed herself into a raven and flew off into the fir grove.

Mary burst into tears, and so did Elfie, for she knew she should see her dear friend no more. But Martin was restless and bent upon following up his search after the fairies; so when night came he stole away towards the grove. When he came to it, nothing was to be seen but the gloomy firs and the old hovels; and the thunder rolled, and the wind groaned and whistled through the trees. It seemed that all about him was angry; so he turned homewards, frightened at what he had done.

In the morning all the neighbours flocked around, asking one another what the noise and bustle of the last night could mean; and when they looked about them, their trees looked blighted, and the meadows parched, the streams were dried up, and everything seemed troubled and sorrowful; but they all thought that somehow or other the fir grove had not near so forbidding a look as it used to have. Strange stories were told; how one had heard flutterings in the air, another had seen the fir grove as if it were alive with little beings that flew away from it. Each neighbour told his tale, and all wondered what could have happened; but Mary and her husband knew what was the matter, and bewailed their folly; for they foresaw that their kind neighbours, to whom they owed all their luck, were gone for ever. Among the bystanders none

told a wilder story than the old ferryman who plied across the river at the foot of the grove. He told how at midnight his boat was carried away, and how hundreds of little beings seemed to load it with treasures; how a strange piece of gold was left for him in the boat as his fare; how the air seemed full of fairy forms fluttering around; and how at last a great train passed over that seemed to be guarding their leader to the meadows on the other side; and how he heard soft music floating around as they flew; and how sweet voices sang as they hovered over his head:

Fairy Queen!

Fairy Queen!

Mortal steps are on the green;

Come away!

Haste away!

Fairies, guard your Queen!

Hither, hither, fairy Queen!

Lest thy silvery wing be seen:

O'er the sky

Fly, fly, fly!

Fairies, guard your lady Queen!

O'er the sky

Fly, fly, fly!

Fairies, guard your Queen!

Fairy Queen!

Fairy Queen!

Thou hast pass'd the treach'rous scene:

Now we may

Down and play

O'er the daisied green.

Lightly, lightly, fairy Queen!

Trip it gently o'er the green:

Fairies gay
Trip away
Round about your lady Queen!
Fairies gay,
Trip away
Round about your Queen!

Poor Elfie mourned their loss the most, and would spend whole hours in looking upon the rose that her playfellow had given her, and singing over it the pretty airs she had taught her; till at length when the year's charm had passed away and it began to fade, she planted the stalk in her garden, and there it grew and grew till she could sit under the shade of it and think of her friend Gossamer.

The Queen Bee

Once upon a time two king's sons went out into the world to seek their fortunes, but they soon fell into a wasteful foolish way of living so that they could not return home again. Then their young brother, who was a little insignificant dwarf, went out to seek his brothers, but when he had found them they only laughed at him, to think that he, who was so young and simple, should try to travel through the world, when they, who were so much wiser, had been unable to get on. However, they all set out on their journey together, and came at last to an anthill. The two elder brothers would have pulled it down, in order to see how the poor ants in their fright would run about and carry off their eggs. But the little dwarf said, "Let the poor things enjoy themselves. I will not let you trouble them."

So on they went, and came to a lake where many many ducks were swimming about. The two brothers wanted to catch two, and roast them. But the dwarf said, "Let the poor things enjoy themselves. You shall not kill them." Next they came to a bees' nest in a hollow tree, and there was so much honey that it ran down the trunk; and the two brothers wanted to light a fire under the tree and kill the bees so as to get their honey. But the dwarf held them back, and said, "Let the pretty insects enjoy themselves. I cannot let you burn them."

At length the three brothers came to a castle, and as they passed by the stables they saw fine horses standing there, but

all were of marble, and no man was to be seen. Then they went through all the rooms, till they came to a door on which were three locks; but in the middle of the door was a wicket so that they could look into the next room. There they saw a little grey old man sitting at a table; and they called to him once or twice, but he did not hear. However, they called a third time, and then he rose and came out to them.

He said nothing, but took hold of them and led them to a beautiful table covered with all sorts of good things; and when they had eaten and drunk, he showed each of them to a bed-chamber.

The next morning he came to the eldest and took him to a marble table, where were three books, containing an account of the means by which the castle might be disenchanted. The first book said—"In the wood, under the moss, lie the thousand pearls belonging to the king's daughter. They must all be found, and if one be missing by set of sun, he who seeks them will be turned into marble."

The eldest brother set out and sought for the pearls the whole day, but the evening came, and he had not found the first hundred, so he was turned into stone as the book had foretold.

The next day the second brother undertook the task, but he succeeded no better than the first, for he could only find the second hundred of the pearls; and therefore he too was turned into stone.

At last came the little dwarf's turn; and he looked in the moss, but it was so hard to find the pearls, and the job was so tiresome!—so he sat down upon a stone and cried. And as he sat there, the king of the ants (whose life he had saved) came to help him with five thousand ants; and it was not long before they had found all the pearls and laid them in a heap.

The second book said—"The key of the princess's bedchamber must be fished up out of the lake". And as the dwarf came to the brink of it, he saw the two ducks whose lives he had

saved swimming about; and they dived down and soon brought up the key from the bottom.

The third task was the hardest. It was to choose out the youngest and the best of the king's three daughters. Now they were all beautiful and all exactly alike; but he was told that the eldest had eaten a piece of sugar, the next some sweet syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey; so he was to guess which it was that had eaten the honey.

Then came the queen of the bees, who had been saved by the little dwarf from the fire, and she tried the lips of all three; but at last she sat upon the lips of the one that had eaten the honey; and so the dwarf knew which was the youngest. Thus the spell was broken, and all who had been turned into stones awoke and took their proper forms. And the dwarf married the youngest, and the best of the princesses, and was king after her father's death; but his two brothers married the other two sisters.

The Robber Bridegroom

There was once a miller who had a pretty daughter, and when she was grown up, he thought to himself, "If a seemly man should come to ask her for his wife, I will give her to him that she may be taken care of." Now it so happened that one did come, who seemed to be very rich and behaved very well, and as the miller saw no reason to find fault with him, he said he should have his daughter. Yet the maiden did not love him quite so well as a bride ought to love her bridegroom, but, on the other hand, soon began to feel a kind of inward shuddering whenever she saw or thought of him.

One day he said to her, "Why do you not come and see my home, since you are to be my bride?" "I do not know where your house is," said the girl. "'Tis out there," said her bridegroom, "yonder, in the dark green wood." Then she began to try and avoid going, and said, "But I cannot find the way thither." "Well, but you must come and see me next Sunday," said the bridegroom. "I have asked some guests to meet you, and so that you may find your way through the wood, I will strew ashes for you along the path."

When Sunday came and the maiden was to go out, she felt very much troubled, and took care to put on two pockets, and filled them with peas and beans. She soon came to the wood, and found her path strewed with ashes; so she followed the track, and at every step threw a pea on the right and a bean on the left side of the road; and thus she journeyed on the whole day till she came to a house which stood in the middle of the

dark wood. She saw no one within, and all was quite still, till all of a sudden she heard a voice cry:

**"Turn again, bonny bride!
Turn again home!
Haste from the robber's den,
Haste away home!"**

She looked around and saw a little bird sitting in a cage that hung over the door; and he flapped his wings, and again she heard him cry:

**"Turn again, bonny bride!
Turn again home!
Haste from the robber's den,
Haste away home!"**

However, the bride went in and roamed along from one room to another, and so over all the house; but it was quite empty and not a soul could she see. At last she came to a room where a very, very old woman was sitting. "Pray, can you tell me, my good woman," said she, "if my bridegroom lives here?" "Ah! My dear child!" said the old woman. "You have fallen into a trap laid for you. Your wedding can only be with Death, for the robber will surely take away your life! If I do not save you, you are lost!" So she hid the bride behind a large cask, and then said to her, "Do not stir or move yourself at all lest some harm should befall you; and when the robbers are asleep we will run off. I have long wished to get away."

She had hardly done this when the robbers came in, and brought another young maiden with them who had been ensnared like the bride. Then they began to feast and drink, and were deaf to her shrieks and groans; and they gave her some wine to drink, three glasses, one of white, one of red, and one

of yellow; upon which she fainted and fell down dead. Now the bride began to grow very uneasy behind the cask, and thought that she too must die in her turn. Then the one that was to be her bridegroom saw that there was a gold ring on the little finger of the maiden they had murdered; and as he tried to snatch it off, it flew up in the air and fell down again behind the cask, just in the bride's lap. So he took a light and searched about all round the room for it, but could not find anything; and another of the robbers said, "Have you looked behind the large cask yet?" "Pshaw!" said the old woman. "Come, sit still and eat your supper now, and leave the ring alone till tomorrow. It won't run away, I'll warrant."

So the robbers gave up the search, and went on with their eating and drinking; but the old woman dropped a sleeping draught into their wine, and they laid themselves down and slept, and snored roundly. And when the bride heard this, she stepped out from behind the cask; and as she was forced to walk over the sleepers, who were lying about on the floor, she trembled lest she should waken some of them. But Heaven aided her so that she soon got through her danger; and the old woman went upstairs with her, and they both ran away from this murderous den. The ashes that had been strewed were now all blown away, but the peas and beans had taken root and were springing up, and showed her the way by the light of the moon. So they walked the whole night, and in the morning reached the mill, when the bride told her father all that had happened to her.

As soon as the day arrived when the wedding was to take place, the bridegroom came; and the miller gave orders that all his friends and relations should be asked to the feast. And as they were all sitting at table, one of them proposed that each of the guests should tell some tale. Then the bridegroom said to the bride, when it came to her turn, "Well, my dear, do you know nothing? Come, tell us some story." "Yes," an-

swered she, "I can tell you a dream that I dreamt. I once thought I was going through a wood, and went on and on till I came to a house where there was not a soul to be seen, but a bird in a cage, that cried out twice:

" 'Turn again, bonny bride!

Turn again home!

Haste from the robber's den,

Haste away home!'

"—I only dreamt that, my love. Then I went through all the rooms, which were quite empty, until I came to a room where there sat a very old woman, and I said to her, 'Does my bridegroom live here?' but she answered, 'Ah! My dear child! You have fallen into a murderer's snare. Your bridegroom will surely kill you'—I only dreamt that, my love. But she hid me behind a large cask; and hardly had she done this, when the robbers came in dragging a young woman along with them; then they gave her three kinds of wine to drink—white, red, and yellow, till she fell dead upon the ground;—I only dreamt that, my love. After they had done this, one of the robbers saw that there was a gold ring on her little finger, and snatched at it; but it flew up to the ceiling, and then fell behind the great cask just where I was, and into my lap; and here is the ring!" At these words she brought out the ring and showed it to the guests.

When the robber saw all this, and heard what she said, he grew as pale as ashes with fright, and wanted to run off; but the guests held him fast and gave him up to justice, so that he and all his gang met with the due reward of their wickedness.

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